

The Sketch



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SIXPENCE.
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MISS ISA BOWMAN AS CINDERELLA AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

I am always delighted, at a *première*, to find myself seated beside my old friend Judson, who has grown bald in the service of the drama and in a poorly requited devotion to his country. For how many years, in the dog-licence branch of the Inland Revenue, has Judson's happy tact softened the rigour of an odious impost? Some day I shall be fortunate, if opportunity permits me to place him in a just light before his countrymen, by narrating the more striking episodes of an official career spent in the anxious task of preventing the bellows of a grasping department from kindling the spark of revolution into a devouring flame. Well, at present I am concerned with him, in his capacity as a first-nighter, when, spruce and smiling, he drops into his stall, hinting only to the scrutiny of friendship, by a scarcely perceptible shadow about the eyes, the fireman's duty he has been performing for an ungrateful Government from ten to four. On such an occasion Judson is an invaluable companion, for he knows everybody in the house; and, as he scans the boxes, he murmurs piquant details of the occupants, from the avaricious old Marchioness, of enormous wealth, who fights her dog-licence tooth-and-nail every year, to the actress, "who disappears from the bill, dear boy, on the plea of typhoid fever, or re-vaccination, every time she has a row with her manager."

The last time I met Judson, in these circumstances, he had scarcely taken his seat when he uttered an exclamation. Following the direction of his eyes, I perceived in a stage-box, behind a large bouquet, an elderly lady, still well preserved, bowing and smiling to various people in the stalls. "Phew!" whispered Judson, "this is going to be an eventful evening. You recognise the woman in the box?" "Oh yes," I said; "everybody knows old Mrs. Pontifex. She married years ago, and left the stage. Pontifex was Minister to Abyssinia, and they *do* say that, at the Abyssinian Court, she—" "My dear boy," interrupted Judson, "don't let us waste time over stale anecdotes. The dramatic coincidence to-night is that Mrs. Pontifex is in that box, and that Ada Sonning, the finest actress of her time, sir, is the heroine of the new play." I always like to pique Judson about his notorious admiration for Miss Sonning; so I said, "Oh, come now; Mrs. Pontifex, in her day, was simply great in just those parts which the fair Ada plays very prettily, I admit, but without any power." "Indeed!" retorted Judson, quite unruffled, "I happen to remember a night in this very theatre when Mrs. Pontifex showed that she was scarcely of your opinion, when she dreaded the genius of a slip of a girl, a mere beginner, and tried to crush her by a cruel trick, played in that very box by the woman you see smiling there! I don't suppose there's another man here," added Judson with pride, "who has the least inkling of the real comedy we are going to witness now. I'll wager that after the third act old Mamma Pontifex will throw that bouquet to Ada Sonning, and to-morrow the papers will gush over this spontaneous tribute from a great actress whose career is over to her young and beautiful successor. Ha!"

"Do you remember," resumed Judson, when the first act was at an end, "a piece called 'A Daughter of Lucifer,' in which Mrs. Pontifex—Cecilia Anthony, as she was then—played a gambler's wife who is used as a decoy? Of course, you don't. This flood of pessimistic stuff that we get on the stage now has swept the old landmarks away, and the real drama, sir, flickers among amateur dramatic clubs in the suburbs! Well, when 'A Daughter of Lucifer' was done in this theatre, Ada Sonning had an engagement in the company as Cecilia's understudy. It was Mrs. P.'s habit to patronise young and unknown actresses in this way. She would meet them at afternoon teas, and gush over them, and say, "My dear, I know what it is to be struggling and friendless in our profession. Come and be my understudy; and, when you are famous, you can say that Cecilia Anthony gave you a helping hand." Bless you, Mrs. P. believes to this day that she has helped every actress on the stage! She has brought that big bouquet over there as a floral crown of her benevolence. But she enjoyed such robust health that she was never out of the bill, and so the understudy used to wait a year or two, and then drift off into another company; and Cecilia would turn up her fine eyes, and say the ingratitude of girls was enough to break the largest heart. She wanted to be a mother to them, but the unnatural chicks deserted the nest, and came to no good. Well, one day, Cecilia, for the first time in her life, had an accident, and was kept indoors with a sprained ankle. She fumed, and told the doctor she would act in spite of him; but at last she gave in, and Ada Sonning was told that she must play the part. Now, that night, by mere chance, I came into the theatre, and found everybody in a dejected state over the announcement that Miss Anthony was indisposed, and

that Miss Sonning would take her place. Who was Miss Sonning? None of us had ever heard her name. When she came on, she was received with that chilly little perfunctory clapping which is worse than no applause at all, and means to say, 'Well, if you must, you must, but we would rather you didn't'; and there she stood with downcast head, almost too nervous to speak, till she lifted her glorious eyes with an appealing look at us; and then, by George, sir, we gave her a round that made the actors stare!"

"My dear Judson," I interjected, "who would suppose your seasoned bosom to be so inflammable?" "Damn it, sir," said Judson; "the sight of mere beauty in distress couldn't have moved me a jot! But the thrill we got from those eyes, sir, was genius! Incompetent charmers can't palm themselves off on me. She hadn't uttered twenty lines when I turned to the man next to me—it was Tommy Baxter, of the War Office, and we hadn't exchanged a word for years—some bother about his maiden aunt, who kept a houseful of dogs without a licence to their backs—and I said, 'Tommy, old man, this girl will knock the town!' 'Jack, my boy,' he answered, gripping my hand, 'she's a stunner, and no mistake!' Well, about the middle of the second act there was a noise in that stage-box where Mrs. P. is still smiling. Two women came in with a clatter, one of them hobbling with a stick. Mark the stick; it is important evidence. She seemed to be very old, had white hair, and more than a suggestion of a moustache. She glowered at the play-bill through her eye-glasses, and then, speaking in French in a querulous voice, quite audible all over the stalls, she said, 'But Miss Anthony does not play to-night. Who is this young person?' Her companion replied that it was the understudy, and the old woman gabbled her disappointment till the audience got angry, and cries of 'Shut up!' came from the pit.

"Well, after that she seemed to go to sleep; but in the third act, you remember—oh! you don't. What's the good of being a playgoer in these times? Why, sir, if Ibsen had written that act it would have done him more honour than all his gin-in-the-back-parlour dramas that you rave about! In the third act is the great scene of the play; the gambler's wife finds that her husband has lured her old lover to his ruin. She is determined to save him, and changes the cards; and when the infuriated gambler curses her for duping him, she flings the marked pack into the fire. That was a climax, my boy, if you like; and, to do her justice, Cecilia was always splendid in the scene; but, compared with Ada, she was nothing at all. Now, when it came to this point, I saw the old woman wake up and glare. Just as Ada raised the cards to pitch them into the grate, and everybody was breathless, that infernal old creature threw herself back in her chair with a croaking laugh. The next moment Ada staggered down to the footlights, flung the cards bang into the box, right in the old harridan's face, and fell down in a dead faint. By George, sir, you never saw such a scene in your life! The pit rose like one man, and yelled with delight. Had they been men, and not women, in the box, I believe Tommy Baxter of the War Office would have stormed it single-handed. They were frightened enough, for they rushed out in the tumult, and nobody saw them again."

"Well," I said, "what is the bearing of this remarkable tale on Mrs. Pontifex's gracious presence to-night?" Judson gazed at me as if I were an incomprehensible dullard. "Don't you see, man? The old woman was Cecilia Anthony herself, so admirably made-up as an aged French dame that her greatest admirers, even the attendants of the theatre, didn't know her! She had to hobble with a stick because of her ankle, and the pain couldn't have improved her temper." "And the other woman?" "Her French maid, no doubt." "Who must have been known at the theatre?" "Oh, I suppose she was disguised too. Nothing easier than that to an adept like the Mrs. P. of old time. Or, if you like, she was a pal of the maid's. There's nothing in that objection." "Well, what followed?" "Cecilia came down next night, and played the part, though she could scarcely stand. Ada Sonning never had another chance in that company, you may be sure. It was said that she taxed Cecilia with the trick, and there was a fearful shindy." "Now tell me, Judson, did you ever hear this improbable suggestion from her own lips?" "Improbable! I like your innocence. Much you know about the jealousy of actresses! Why, when they are in that state, the dear things stick at nothing, though I must say Ada Sonning is an unselfish creature; never utters an unkind word about a living soul. But she has had lots of tantrums since then—bless you, there's always a cyclone blowing behind the scenes! Still, I bet she is thinking of that old flare-up to-night. There! What did I tell you? Mrs. P. has thrown the bouquet! Neat return for that pack of cards, eh? Poetic justice and real life too! Why don't you playwrights give us that?" I hope they will give us something as persuasive as Judson's legend of the histrionic temperament.

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was capable of the charming quality of *naïveté*. He is, nevertheless.

Here is the printed announcement of a smoking-concert which was
recently handed to me by a cabman who had touched my heart by
committing the abnormal, the eccentric, honesty of demanding no more
than twice his righteous fare—

A meeting, with sing-song to follow, will take place at the Bull and Anchor,
Rotherhithe, for the benefit of Harry Bramble (better known as "The Old
Slosher"), who, having had the misfortune to lose his mother-in-law, finds
himself in difficulties. Chair at 8 p.m.

Endowed, myself, with a modest sense of humour, I attended this
funeral oration. There were fifty cabmen present. The chairman, with
tears (not of drink, but of genuine emotion) in his eyes, opened the
meeting by expatiating on the peculiarly painful character of this
bereavement. He defined a mother-in-law as something not born of
earth, but sent right down from heaven. (Cheers.) The gentleman for
whose benefit the present function had been arranged had never driven
over his mother-in-law (Hear, hear); he had always treated her with
the most humane consideration. He had been seen, with his whip in
one hand, taking a turn at her mangle with the other. (Cheers.) Why,
then, had he been condemned to lose her? No one knew. It was a
mystery—the mystery of a hansom cab. (Cheers.)

Here occurred an interval of a quarter of an hour for refreshment,
circulated in pewter-pots—magnums, I should imagine (the first round
of which I, as an intruder, felt it necessary to pay for, the landlord, by
the way, putting half the price of the beer into the money-box which
reposed on the table for the benefit of "The Old Slosher"). Then up rose
"Flash Bob No. 2" (*né* Jemmy Smith), who exhorted "The Old Slosher,"
under the present crushing circumstances, to keep up his spirits, or, at
all events, to keep down his beer—and plenty of it. (Cheers.) This
advice was seconded by "Trilby on the Perch," "Old Tom Fogerty,"
"Gunpowder Dick," "The Café de la Rats," "Dandy not the Blackleg,"
and "The Old Original." "The Slosher" was too much moved to
reply; he had to conceal his countenance in the quart-pot, gulping his
grief down, audibly and liquidly.

An asthmatic pianoforte interlude was now executed by "Young
Higher-up," who showed the most delicate taste in first playing—or, at
least, burlesquing—"The Dead March in 'Saul,'" the company meanwhile
pouring beer down their throats in the form of gurgling cascades. Then
arose "The Old Canoodler." Balancing himself on his feet with great
difficulty, he took a more cheerful view of the situation, and contended
that the blessings showered down from heaven were always chequered,
mothers-in-law included. As for his own mother-in-law—dear soul! he
wished her in a better land—if ever he had the misfortune to lose her, his
sensations would be of the most mingled description. Without irreverence,
he would frankly confess that, if she was going to the celestial regions,
he trusted he might find admittance—elsewhere. (Suppressed cheers.)
"Philosopher Bill" followed on. He remarked that so long as the world
or a cab-wheel revolved, there would be as many breeds of mothers-in-laws
as 'osses." The lady whose demise they were at present celebrating had
doubtless been taken away for some good purpose. It should be viewed
as a happy release. (Cheers.) The next speaker (whose name I forget)
said that three years ago a gentleman had left a copy of Darwin's
"Orange-gin of Species" in his cab, and that ever since then he had
never relinquished the study of evolution. It was quite clear to him
that this mother-in-law incident was an instance of the survival of the
fittest, and he proposed the health of "The Old Slosher" on this
"hospicious" occasion. (Loud cheers.)

Space prohibits anything like an adequate account of these proceedings,
which by 11 p.m., thanks to a few barrels of beer, had become altogether
congratulatory and uproariously hilarious. By a grim irony of fate,
however, a cloud was suddenly thrown over the universal mirth by the
advent of a mother-in-law (not from Hades, but in the flesh), who,
leading a three-year-old child by the hand, came, with a frown, to tell
"The Clincher" that it was high time he was "on the box." The visible
alarm with which her appearance inspired the whole assembly was due, I
fancy, to the fact that they had already begun to see double, and that
they saw this formidable lady in duplicate. F. L.

No more useful handbook on artists exists than "The Year's Art"
(Virtue and Co.). This, the seventeenth annual issue, shows yet
another advance in the way of perfecting the work. It contains the
portraits of twenty-seven lady artists, including Mrs. Stanley, Miss
Henrietta Rae, and Miss Maude Goodman, and if it were for nothing but
the bringing together of this gallery of painters, the book would be
valuable. As it is, the annual is a complete guide to everything
connected with art and artists.

It will be good news to connoisseurs that only Messrs. M. B. Foster
and Sons', Limited, "Bugle" brand bottled beers will be purveyed at the
Imperial Institute during the present and following seasons, and at the
Empire of India Exhibition, 1896, "Bugle" brand bottled beers will be
purveyed. Messrs. M. B. Foster and Sons, Limited, have obtained the
contract for the exclusive supply of this brand of their famous bottled
beers to Messrs. Spiers and Pond's numerous hotels, restaurants, and
railway buffets.

"CINDERELLA," AT DRURY LANE.

A CHAT WITH MISS ISA BOWMAN.

We take pantomime seriously nowadays. There is less humour and more art about it, and the leading performers are chosen with the care with which Mr. Pinero or Mr. Gilbert cast their plays. It was only during the final rehearsals Sir Augustus Harris decided upon his Cinderella for the Drury Lane pantomime. Many young ladies studied the part, but Christmas was at hand before the choice finally fell upon Miss Isa Bowman. Boxing Night proved the wisdom of that choice. She makes a charming Cinderella. Under twenty years of age, slight in figure, a nimble and graceful dancer, with the singing-voice of a child, what other qualifications are required for a Cinderella? As to experience, Miss Isa Bowman has been on the stage since she was nine years old.

The rehearsals of the pantomime had been running for many weeks when I strolled one afternoon into the theatre, in the hope of having a few minutes' conversation with Cinderella. At a rehearsal you might as well ask for the moon as request a messenger to find you any particular member of the company. Having observed that, when the performers were not wanted upon the stage, they passed the time chatting with one another in the stalls or the boxes, I stationed myself in a seat just in front of the orchestra, and presently was rewarded by seeing a young lady, in a long green cloak trimmed with fur, and wearing a large hat, seat herself in one of the stage-boxes.

I stood on tiptoe, straightened myself out, and, when I judged that my head was about on a level with the occupant of the box, raised my hat.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Cinderella?" I asked.

"Yes, I am Cinderella," she answered in a whisper. Then a small face peeped over the edge of the box.

"I'm glad to have found you," I replied. "*The Sketch* is anxious to make your acquaintance."

"Oh, I shall be delighted! Won't you come up?"

I felt a little nervous as I made my way round to the box where Cinderella was seated. This was the first time I had interviewed an actress, and I feared that, if they speak as rapidly off the stage as they do on, I should never be able to remember half of what I was told.

"I hope you like your part," I remarked, somewhat feebly, sitting down beside her. But my question was never answered. For the moment I was ignored. Cinderella had suddenly sprung to her feet, and was



Photo by Hana, Strand.

trying to catch the attention of a lady upon the stage, clad in an ulster and brown boots, who, having just finished a dance, was peering anxiously into the dark theatre.

"Do you want me, Miss Blanche?" cried Cinderella.

"Yes, dear; come along."

Thrusting a newspaper into my hand, Cinderella tripped from the

box, and soon appeared upon the stage, where she and Miss Ada Blanche spent a quarter of an hour rehearsing a dance together.

From the newspaper that had been thrust into my keeping I gathered that Miss Isa Bowman is the eldest of four sisters, all of whom are upon the stage. At one time, not so very long ago, they were at work simultaneously, and in close neighbourhood to each other. Isa was playing Alice in "*Alice in Wonderland*," Empsie was taking the part of the Dormouse, Nelly was Edith in "*Editha's Burglar*," and Maggie was being petted as Bootles' Baby.

The children began to act very early, so it has come about that, at an age when most embryo actresses are still playing in amateur dramatic



Photo by Hana, Strand.

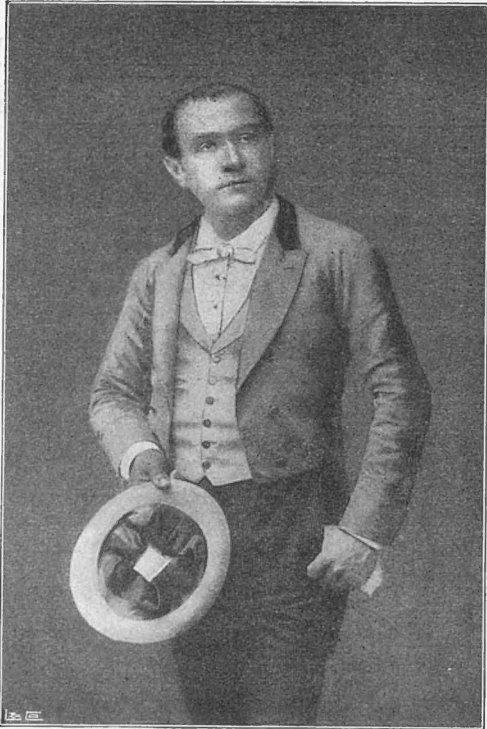
societies, Miss Isa Bowman has performed in more plays than I could mention in this article. Beginning long before her teens, she filled many child-parts at the Theatre Royal, Stratford, remaining in that company three years. Coming to London, Miss Isa was given a young but good part in an exciting melodrama called "*The Sea of Ice*," and, later, was engaged at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as understudy to Phoebe Carlo in "*Alice in Wonderland*."

For so young a lady, Miss Isa Bowman has had many experiences, not the least remarkable of them being that occasion when she sat upon the Prince of Wales's knee. But that was a long time ago, and it happened in this way. During the run of "*Masks and Faces*" at the Opéra Comique, where she was engaged for the child's part, a special amateur performance was organised at the Royalty Theatre, at which the Prince of Wales was present. Miss Isa Bowman was the only professional engaged, and she played the part so prettily that afterwards his Royal Highness took the child upon his knee to congratulate her. Later she went to America, with Mr. Richard Mansfield's company, and at Louisville, being then fourteen, she made a success in her first woman's part. Returning to England, she played the Fairy Black Stick in "*The Rose and the Ring*," after which, having taken a few lessons in dancing, she contributed a *pas seul* at "*La Cigale*" and "*Maid Marian*" on the same night, a cab always being in readiness to take her from one theatre to the other. In 1891, she made a great success as Cinderella at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, following it up by playing in "*Dick Whittington*" at Leeds, and "*Little Red Riding Hood*" at the Gaiety, Dublin.

By the time I had read and noted all this, Cinderella, having finished her bit of rehearsal, was again seated by my side in the large stage-box. If I had felt shy before, what were my feelings now, with the knowledge that this young lady had been earning her own living almost since she could speak, had toured through America, had acted in more plays than I had seen in my life, and was still only nineteen years of age? I should have liked to offer her a box of sweets, and to have told her not to overtire herself, and to be careful on cold, foggy nights; but what is the good of telling a Cinderella to avoid fatigue when she has two performances a-day up till Easter? So I could only promise that I would advise all the parents I knew to take their children to see "*Cinderella*." And with that I withdrew.

PAULUS.

When Time and Paulus were younger, amusement-seekers grudged no expenditure of the former to listen to songs of the latter. He was to the French stage—in so far as prestige is concerned—an Arthur Roberts and a Chevalier combined. Paulus ruled Paris when Yvette Guilbert



PAULUS.
Photo by Otto, Paris.

was unknown, and the Bohemia and Belgravia of the gayest city in the world alike acknowledged his artistic supremacy. Even Englishmen remember such songs as "En R'venant de la Revue," "J'veux bien," "L'Amant de la Tour Eiffel," "Le Père la Victoire," "La Boiteuse," and others, that used to go with a bang, and fill every corner of the house. So the great singer waxed fat, and kicked higher than ever, while his songs remained as "broad as the ocean, and twice as blue"—to quote Homer, or some such writer.

It was when Paulus came to England that I saw him for the first time with any possibility of attention. Through a long lapse of years, and from a crowd of performers who have come and

gone, the recollection of the singer stands out clear and distinct. He compelled the attention of an audience that scarcely comprehended a word he said; he forced them into the state of excitement he himself was in; he absolutely triumphed. I see him now, every feature full of expression, every limb under complete control, and yet in rapid and appropriate motion. He was obviously conscious of his triumph, and yet the self-consciousness in no way lessened the artistic effects. It seemed to me as though every nerve were called into service and that each individual muscle had a part to play. Then, again, his voice had as many inflections as the most elaborate song required. He was at once pantomimist, vocalist, and dancer; there was a complete unity in his attainments, so that, as each section of his powers was required, it became apparent spontaneously, and without obvious effort. This was not all. His stage presence was commanding, and seemed to prevent the possibility of inattention on the part of the most indifferent auditor. All these things were the more remarkable at a time when the *double entendre* was supposed to be the full equipment for a performer upon the variety stage. The gestures of Paulus were broad, frank, and expressive, but they conveyed no offence. He was, in short, a genuine artist, on whose expressive face emotions of every sort could chase each other, and he was ever in sympathy with his audience. He had something in his repertoire for every kind of taste. And, in consideration of these great gifts, he was allowed to remain in his place unchallenged for more years than the fickle French public usually grants to its favourites. When he sang a song, the music and the words went all along the Boulevards and across the Seine into the Latin Quarter, it was adapted for dance music at the Students' Balls and at the Moulin Rouge—nay, more, it sometimes braved the *mal-de-mer*, and came to die a lingering death on the barrel-organs of perfidious England. So Paulus was more than a singer; he was a craze, like hypnotism and Ibsenism and spiritualism and "Ta-ra," &c., deceased.

I went to see Paulus last week at the Empire Theatre, and found—*nominis umbra*. I saw a man no longer young, with a style no longer new, an energy that was strained, and a gaiety that savoured of strenuous effort. I found, or seemed to find, some symptoms of nervousness, an uncertainty as to the effect that humour and pantomime, broadened by the years, would have upon the audience. To the casual observer it was the artist of the old days, but the critical eye looked in vain for each delicate *nuance* of expression that raised pantomime to the domain of art. I stood for a moment on the stage, and saw the work of "The Duellist," a clever broad song I have never heard before. When it was over the actor came off completely exhausted, and I thought the sun of his eminence had set. But, before writing, it seemed fair to see the performance once again, and note the effect from the point of view taken by people to whom Paulus has, heretofore, been only a name. A study of the audience convinced me that my own opinion was too hasty. The points in his songs were eagerly appreciated, the fire and spirit of his performance evoked the heartiest applause. In short, his reception was sufficient to prove that only those who knew Paulus in his prime may not fairly judge him now. He is still a genuine artist, and, in reality, has no comparison to fear, save one of his own past performances. S. L. B.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA."

The younger critics may well despair. Some of them have admired Ibsen and the later works of Pinero, and, consequently, object to having their nerves injured by "shrieks off" and blows on the stage in "The Sign of the Cross," a piece doubtless a sign of the times for months to come. Thereon, they learn from a sixpenny paper once of importance that they are "realists," and ought to be pleased at the treatment of Stephanus, and are informed that they wish to see the Oberammergau Passion Play on the English stage. Consequently, if one of them says that he spent a pleasant evening at the St. James's, he expects to be informed that he ought not to do so, and to be told that he is really longing for a play about Sweeney Tod.

Yet, I am bound to say that, on the whole, I enjoyed myself at "The Prisoner of Zenda." I regretted some omissions and some commissions, and felt at times an intense longing to be thrilled, which remained unsatisfied; nevertheless, if there were moments of dullness, there were also minutes of pleasure. Doubtless, like all of us, Mr. Edward Rose was overexcited by the brilliant fairy story of Mr. Anthony Hope, and, in his case, overexcitement took the form of play-writing. In cold blood he would have noticed that "The Prisoner of Zenda" is unadaptable. Some people, however, are too far removed from the fishes and rarely become cold-blooded—probably Mr. Rose is one of them. Certainly by now, like Dr. Jameson, he recognises the fact that he attempted the impossible. Let us congratulate him upon coming so near to the accomplishment of it.

A friend of mine refuses to go to the theatre because the actors are so abominably in the way; he may have stolen the phrase, but I have never met it elsewhere. It suggests the difficulty about the book in question. Really, when I read "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the beach at Mers les Bains, and forgot to go home for my lunch—to say nothing of my *apéritif*—I believed far more sincerely in the novel than in the statements of the special correspondents of the *Times*, which I had read before playing the Blondin on the narrow planks that led to the reluctant sea and morning dip. Unfortunately, I did not think of Mr. George Alexander, of Miss Millard, or Mr. Vernon, when I read under shadow of a green umbrella; and at the theatre I felt, with all respect to them, that they stood in the way. Mr. Alexander was very gallant, dashing, grimly humorous, and tender, while his scenes of renunciation were vastly pathetic. No one on the stage has such a delicate touch as he in putting away cups untasted or barely sipped. Miss Millard looked lovely, though I prefer her with black hair, just as I like Miss Olga Brandon better with an auburn *coiffure*; and the Princess Flavia of the stage was passionate, pure, and nobly inspiring; moreover, the Sapt of the St. James's was just the old gentleman I should like to dine with at the club or have beside me in a row.

But—I cannot get away from the "but"—as Jacob thought, when he found himself the husband of Leah instead of Rachel, the St. James's company were not the people of Mr. Hope's book, and no other set of women and men could have been. There is no immortality like that of having never lived. I hope to see Mr. Alexander's company, or, at least, all the members of it, as long as I live; but I feel that Rudolf Rassendyll will outlive my grandchild, and no one will be him in the flesh or portray him.

No doubt all this merely amounts to the fact that I do not care to see an adaptation of any book from which I have had real pleasure, and I feel as if I had been writing round instead of about my subject—writing in a roundabout fashion. One may be unwilling in face of such pleasure as the play gave to complain that it did not give more. The French phrase is just—*la plus belle fille ne peut donner que ce qu'elle a*, which may be Englished as, the best adaptation of a masterpiece cannot give more than fifty per cent., and it is human nature rather to groan over the other fifty per cent. than be pleased by the half that one enjoys. In truth, the play is very pleasant. The prologue is effective, if needless, and Miss Mabel Hackney, a new-comer, acts prettily in it. I was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Charles Glenney in the cast.

The first two acts, or two first—let grammarians decide—were full of fun, and had not the contrast of a single dull moment. The third, skilfully as Mr. Rose handled it, showed the difficulty of his task, while the last proved its impossibility. There should have been a wild swirl of fighting inside and out. I fancied a tank, with a sort of Agnes Hewitt hero and pistol-shots, horseback chases and fearful combats, and it all came down to a single stage-fight on dry ground, which seemed to me very ill-managed. Shades of Dumas and body of Hope! where was all the clashing of steel and popping of pistols? Only shots heard *à la cantonade*, as the French say, and a weak fight with absurdly long swords.

It was within a nail's-breadth of a notable play, for the love-scenes were charmingly written—had the memory of the book been gracious enough to stay at home, instead of hastening, after a hurried dinner, with me to the theatre, I should have been altogether delighted. At any rate, I would not have missed the play for a dozen musical farces. I have already mentioned three admirable performers; I would name, in addition, Miss Lily Hanbury, who grows constantly in skill and beauty; Mr. Royston, since his acting was pleasant; Mr. Bancroft, a valuable recruit to the stage; and Mr. Henry Loraine. Why could not Mr. Rose have written up the part of Miss Olga Brandon? If she will pardon the phrase, one may say that it is painful to see a steam-hammer being used to crack filberts. As for the dresses—oh, for the pen of the lady journalist, for the gift of using bastard French phrases in describing the gorgeous, beautiful, and indescribable!

MONOCLE.

A MAN OF MANY PARTS.

Photographs by Hana, Strand.



CHIRGWIN IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Some posthumous verses of the late Roden Noel have been published, "My Sea, and other Poems" (Elkin Mathews), and Mr. Stanley Addleshaw has written a sympathetic, but not very discreet, introduction. Roden Noel's poems will be republished from time to time, one would hope; but they are not of the kind very well served by prefaces, eulogistic or apologetic. He has been overpraised and undernoticed. The soul of the poet was in him, obscured with a mist of dulness from which it only now and again shone out. Mr. Addleshaw is quite wrong when he says of him, "Like Browning, he demands a loyal attention from his readers." Not at all. Browning was obscure; wilfully, absolutely, criminally obscure, but he was not dull. Noel was not obscure, but he was often dull. And the eulogist is wrong again when he says "As a nature poet, he took rank with the greatest of his contemporaries, for he understood, as Wordsworth did before him, not only the external beauty of nature, but knew also the great guiding spirit that lies beneath it." As if *understanding* could make him take rank as a poet at all! The judgment is absurd, but, nevertheless, Roden Noel did write some fine nature poems, and in this very posthumous volume there occur such. "Natura Naturans" has lapses of dulness, but, at its highest level, it has lines of great beauty and vigour, as these—

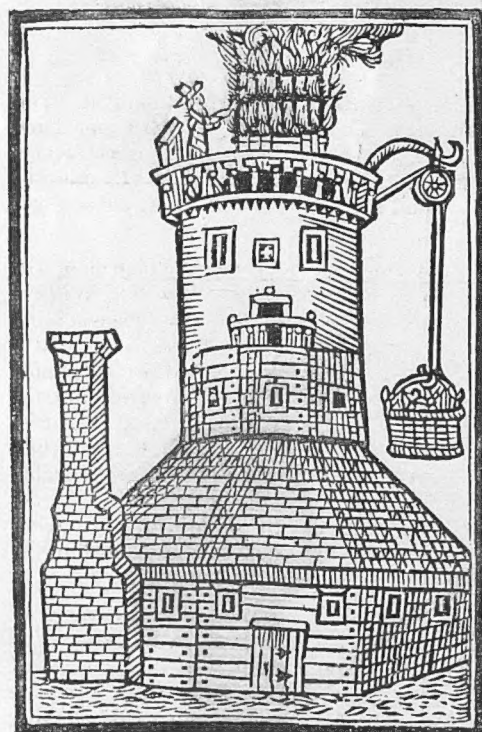
In leafy cradles the aurelia swayed,
And now the lovely lovers closer clung,
Feeling a summer sense in all the glade . . .
But far away one heard the woodman's axe
Splinter the cream-white, fragrant woods resounding;
Muscle-ridged arms, and supple, stalwart backs
The man-surpassing years of trees are rounding.
So God, the woodman, clears the space He lacks
Among His men and women, too abounding;
To warm Himself the human faggot stacks.

It is hardly fair to leave this without a word or two from the counter-acting vision, which, if less vigorously uttered, is more comfortable, and more characteristic of the poet—

What shocks the best in us can ne'er be true,
Nor aught unlovely, save in outward seeming.

"A Clever Wife," by W. Pett Ridge (Bentley), is a novel which merits a warm word of commendation. Mr. Pett Ridge has shown much cleverness in his short sketches, but he has done nothing so good as this. The peculiarity and distinction of the story is that, in style and manner, it deliberately, though not servilely, follows Dickens. There might be far worse models in these pessimistic days. And Mr. Pett Ridge brings to his work such brightness, such humour, such knowledge of our London literary world, such hearty sympathy with the best things, such wholesome disdain for hypocrisy, that he is sure of a good place in the future, if only he does not allow the critics to daunt him. With the mass of my brethren, optimism and Dickens are at present not at all popular; but the public is of another mind, and I counsel Mr. Pett Ridge to make his appeals straight to the great body of readers, and to make good use of his high spirits as long as he is young. There has been no brighter picture of journalistic life published since Mr. Barrie's "When a Man's Single."

In "Lighthouses, their History and Romance" (Religious Tract Society), Mr. W. J. Hardy, F.S.A., has focussed, more or less clearly, the study of several years. It seems that the work has been already done by various writers, but Mr. Hardy deserves credit at least for careful and painstaking effort. The book treats, in successive chapters, of "Ancient and Modern Lighthouses," "The Trinity House," "Ancient Methods of Lighting," "Grace Darling," "The Spurn Head," and so on, with a variety that is at



THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE AT DUNGENESS.

From a receipt for Lighthouse dues, 1890, belonging to Lord Kenyon.

least charming. The illustrations are scarcely of first-rate excellence, but occasionally this is counterbalanced by a striking originality of phrase. "Sea-borne souls," for instance, would not be so bad, if only it were not so reminiscent of something else that rhymes thereto.

Mr. Julian Sturgis is an accomplished verse-writer, and a teller of very pleasant stories. "A Master of Fortune" is an appropriate addition to the "Zeit-Geist Library" (Hutchinson), for it deals with many modern themes—a young man's disgust, for instance, with the

treatment his grandfather (whose heir he is) metes out to his tenants, and his consequent renunciation of the old unearned fortune and his making a new one by the labour of his hands and wits; with a lady stockbroker, too, and a lady stockbroker who is neither the villain nor the laughing-stock of the piece, but the very likeable heroine. It is very polite and very chivalrous of Mr. Sturgis to make it possible for us to like her at all, and her appearance helps to turn what would in any case be a pleasant story into even a lively one. o. o.

A GUIDE TO ROME.

To get anything like an adequate conception of Rome in six days would at first blush seem almost impossible. There are so many worlds there—the world of the Roman Republic, the world of the Emperors, the world of "The Decline and Fall," the world of the Popes, and the world of the modern King of Italy. With any one of these one might spend many months, read innumerable books of history, and spend a gay and delightful time among the modern circumstances of the Eternal City; but Mr. Reynaud, who edits the *Roman Times*, has solved the problem for the hurried visitor. His "Guide to Rome," published at 119, Via Babuino, is sold for one franc, and it tells in the most systematic manner exactly how much one can do day by day, with only six days to give to the most interesting city in the world. Introduced by courteous Mr. Higgins, Messrs. Cook and Son's representative in Rome, I called on Mr. Reynaud (writes a *Sketch* representative), with a desire to understand his secret.

"It is a matter of system," said Mr. Reynaud. "I have spent years in organising my six days' tour, and I will undertake to say that many a benighted tourist has taken three or four weeks to see all the things which I will show him in a week, and he does not get much more time with each when all is said. You may so easily become bewildered by the topography of Rome: you may desire to see two or three things in one day, and they shall be an enormous distance apart, and the tourist who relies merely on the ordinary guide-book—valuable as it is for a regular resident—will find himself wasting a considerable amount of time. I gave up," he continued, "many a day to the hard reading of guide-books and archaeological works before I attempted my present scheme of conducting parties."

"Did you not find it difficult?" I asked, "to deal with so many conflicting political opinions in your journeys?"

"No," he answered; "it is so easy to keep silent on debatable points. To-day it is a rampant supporter of the existing monarchy, to-morrow a Republican, and next day an enthusiastic partisan of the Pope. Very often it is all three together, but one rarely has any serious trouble. Personally, I am all for the existing monarchy, but I have guided an enormous number of Catholics round the city."

And then Mr. Reynaud started off with me. It is needless to recapitulate the miles of interesting experience which a journey of this kind involves: it is written sufficiently large in "Baedeker" and in "Murray," and in the experience of most of our readers. Suffice to say that my guide proves his intelligence in many interesting points: he has a keen love of archaeology, he has also a great knowledge of the evolution of art; he knows a good deal more about the real life of Rome than my "Baedeker" could tell, and several very interesting glimpses of theatrical and music-hall life were revealed to me. Rome is indeed the most cosmopolitan city of the world. At the principal music-hall there were songs in five languages.

Then my guide's taste for politics was an additional charm in one's journey. He told me the whole history of the Cardinals who surround the papal throne, and discussed very freely the possible successor of Leo XIII. He called my attention to the rules which regulate the Vatican to-day as against the authority of the King of Italy, and perhaps nothing is more noteworthy in Rome than the sight of papal guards on one side of the Vatican doorway and the soldiers of the King of Italy on the other. Alike in the Coliseum, in St. Peter's, and in the catacombs, Mr. Reynaud knows his business thoroughly, and the value of this little guide of his was more and more impressed upon me by six days of practical experience.



MR. L. REYNAUD.

Photo by R. Ellis, Malta.

SMALL TALK.

I give here from *Judge* the picture of ourselves as others see us, so far as the American crisis is concerned. Whatever the people who visit America, and who come back with stories of the great hatred of the English nation there, may say on the subject, there is, of course, not the slightest danger of war. It requires two nations very much longing to be at one another's throats to really secure that result—at any rate, among the Great Powers—and there is no longing on the part of the Englishman to be at the throat of the American. The feeling of hatred which characterises the American towards England has no analogy in this country. In America an Englishman is spoken of as a foreigner; here the American is always spoken of and thought of as a kinsman—in fact, the Englishman recognises nothing foreign about anyone who speaks his own language. It is when he is approached by people whose tongue he cannot understand that he becomes intolerable.

The reason for the difference of feeling between the two great countries is sufficiently obvious. In American schools the history which is taught practically commences with the reign of our George III.; the whole tendency is to ignore the great wars in which the British nation and the ancestors of the Americans fought at an earlier period. The part which the French Republic took in the American War of Liberty gave the Americans a partisanship towards France even in connection with those great battles of the Napoleonic wars. The war of 1812, about which books are written in America, has scarcely got five lines devoted to it in any one of the popular English histories. On the other hand, in this country the American War is written about not with sympathy for England, but with sympathy for America. We are taught in our schools, notably by J. R. Green and Frank Bright, that it was misgovernment of English Ministers which lost us the American Colonies, and, on the whole, our juvenile sympathies are with the American nation in all those battles as against ourselves. Added to all this, that American women are immensely admired by Englishmen, quite apart from the dollar-hunting peers who go to America for wives, and you have a state of things which makes war absolutely out of the question, whatever American politicians and American newspapers may say.

Who was it wrote the absurd address from the authors of England to the authors of America? He is a man whose bumps Charles Lamb would have liked to have felt. Someone told me it was Sir Walter Besant, and that there had been some gush of a similar character under his signature in the *Queen*; but Sir Walter Besant is a singularly astute man, and a good writer as well, and would scarcely be guilty of such absurd flummery. Nobody supposes that there is any animosity in this country against America, either on the part of authors or shoe-



"HALT!"

"Judge's" Cartoon on the Venezuela Crisis.

makers, but why either profession or occupation should send verbose communications to brethren of the trade on the other side—and authorship has now become a very pronounced trade—passes understanding. At any rate, the address might have been written in good English, and with some measure of dignity. It is scarcely credible that any author of

imposing reputation will venture to sign the document—I have already heard of some emphatic refusals. A brief note of three or four hundred words addressed to the leaders of American literature might, perhaps, have been worth while, although here would have been a question of "First catch your hare." Who are the leaders of American literature? Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Henry James are probably the most famous of American authors, and one of those gentlemen prefers to live in Naples and the other in London. Emerson is dead, and Longfellow; Holmes and Hawthorne; Lowell, and many another American genius. There is, indeed, a Mr. E. P. Roe, I think, and a Miss Margaret Deland, but on this side of the Atlantic we scarcely call their productions "literature."

By way of contrasting the advance made by comic-paper draughtsmen, I reproduce a political cartoon of the O'Connell period, showing the difficulty in which her Majesty found herself in those troublous times.



AN OLD-TIME CARTOON.

An Irish marriage in Paris has a smack of old times about it. But the son of the Irish Lord Chancellor is not a rebel, so Lord and Lady Ashbourne went from Dublin to the wedding, although it was performed in an alien church, the bride being a Roman Catholic by birth and the bridegroom by adoption. The Hon. Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson will make their home in England.

Tynemouth is but a dreary watering-place. Even the charm of the sea can be swallowed up by the mouth of a river. But Sir William White, the Director of Naval Construction, who has just been staying there, before returning to the Admiralty after a long illness, has found it very tolerable. There are, of course, plenty of places within easy reach that a Naval Constructor likes to see, including ship-yards and the amazing works of Lord Armstrong. Lord Beaconsfield, who ought to know, said that a book was a greater thing than a battle. For all that, gun-works pay better than publishing. A leading firm of London publishers recently wrote off its capital by more than half; but the Armstrong shareholders received the other day the delightful intelligence that their property, on valuation, was found to be far in excess of the amount of money at which it nominally stands.

The new Lord Leighton has received hundreds of messages of congratulation; and, in his kind wish to acknowledge them all personally, he has somewhat fatigued himself, and even had threats of renewed attacks of his troublesome indisposition. Saturday's private view of the Old Masters at the Academy was a scene of hand-shaking during the popular President's short stay in the rooms, and, on the following day, when the President was "at home" in Holland Park Road, a number of guests came, loaded with congratulations, among which none were more hearty than those of Mr. Alma-Tadema and other brothers of the brush.

Lady Henry Somerset has been entertaining the Duke of St. Albans and other members of the family into which her son is going to marry. The International Women's Temperance Association was never once named, good brands were on the table (though it is fair to say the hostess did not touch them), and his Grace left the Castle delighted with his visit, and declaring that Lady Henry was a much-maligned woman.

The children's fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House last week was very picturesque. What a gathering of miniatures the little people made. Here was a Second Life Guardsman, there a Charles I. Among the throng I noticed Beefeaters, Jockeys, Little Red Riding Hood, Carmen, Robin Hood, Little John, Friar Tuck, Romeo, Louis XVI., a Lady of the First Empire, Winter, a Jester, a Gondolier, a White Witch, Little Miss Muffitt, a Matador, a Village Maid, a Spanish Dancing-Girl,



MASTER KEVIN AND MISS NORA CONLIN AT THE MANSION HOUSE BALL.
Photo by Stiles, Kensington.

Aladdin, a Roumanian Peasant Girl, Joseph Surface, Juliet, Lady Jane Grey, a Samoyede Girl in Bridal Costume, a Bishop of the Thirteenth Century, and a Duchess of Devonshire. Miss Margery Maude, daughter of Mr. Cyril Maude, went as Juliet—probably in anticipation of figuring one day on the stage in that rôle. Her dress was made of pale-green satin, edged with pearls, over an under-skirt of white crêpe. She wore a pale-green satin cap, sewn with pearls, and a girdle to match.

Some doubt is expressed as to the true inwardness of the *Athenæum's* silence on the appointment of the Poet Laureate. Was it an oversight, or was it a flash of silence, prepared on the principle that the *Athenæum* is a paper of literature, not politics? Unfortunately, you cannot have your cake and eat it—you cannot keep silence and, at the same time, explain it.

Most of us can doubtless recall the praises of his predecessor which the late Laureate gave to the world. Mr. Austin's opinion of his predecessor in office is, if I remember rightly, hardly so flattering. I cannot, however, refresh my memory on the point, as the book of our new Laureate's to which I refer is out of print, and, I am told, is never to be reprinted. In that same book was a somewhat unflattering opinion of Robert Browning's claim to be considered a poet, which, by the way, was answered by that literary giant in that rollicking piece of humour, "Of Pacchiarotto, and How He Worked in Distemper," a poem which, by the way, displays an ingenuity in rhyming that puts even Byron and Barham in the shade. I cannot resist reproducing the passage that particularly refers to our new Laureate. For those of my readers who are not familiar with their Browning, I may say that his remarks are addressed to his critics—

Troop all of you—man or *homunculus*,
Quick march, for Xanthippe, my housemaid,
If once on your pates she a souse made,
With what, pan or pot, bowl or skoramis,
First comes to her hand—things were more amiss!
I would not for worlds be your place in—
Recipient of slops from the basin!
You, Jack-in-the-Green, leaf-and-twiggyishness,
Won't save a dry thread on your priggishness!
While as for Quilp-Hop-o'-my-Thumb there,
Banjo-Byron that twangs the strum-strum there—
He'll think, as the pickle he curses,
I've discharged on his pate his own verses!
"Dwarfs are saucy," says Dickens; so, sauced-in
Your own sauce . . .

There is no difficulty in supplying the hiatus; "are you Alfred Austin" comes "trippingly to the tongue." The great poet made the satire severer by his footnote to the blank—

No, please!

Who would be satirical
On a thing so very small?—*Printer's Devil*.

I doubt if our new Laureate has had anything more severe said of him even in this recent and prolific shower.

By the way, it is somewhat curious that the names of the most facile of our rhymers have begun with a B—Butler, Byron, Barham, and Browning. A man I know was once guilty of the absurdity of asking the last-named if he found any difficulty in his rhymes in "Pacchiarotto," to which the great poet replied, with that genial twinkle of his, that he was not aware that he had.

Yet Mr. Austin has had his share of congratulations. He bids his well-wishers have patience for his replies, because he is to answer them *propria manu*. One thing is certain—that he won't have to answer some of his next-door neighbours at all. The other day, a resolution congratulating Mr. Austin was proposed at the Urban District Council of Ashford, Kent, the district where Mr. Austin lives and twangs his lyre. But it was strenuously opposed, and lost by ten votes to seven. When I read of this, I thought how the Coster Laureate, Mr. Chevalier, who has immortalised Old Kent Road, would have dealt with these Kent councillors—

"Wot cheer?" all his neighbours cried,
"Goin' to stand you treat, Alf,
'Cos you've got the seat, Alf?"
"Not much," ten of them replied,
"Knock him at the old Kent Board."

No one seems to have recognised that the interesting article entitled "An Object Lesson in Christian Democracy," signed "Virginia M. Crawford," in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, is by the Mrs. Crawford whose relations with Sir Charles Dilke lost the Liberal Party a capable Prime Minister. Mrs. Crawford has been for many years past a very active journalist; she was befriended very keenly by Cardinal Manning, who received her into the Roman Catholic Church. On one occasion, it is stated, she went on a piece of journalistic enterprise for the *Pall Mall Gazette* to St. Paul's Cathedral, where she met Canon Liddon. The Canon asked Mr. Stead for the name of "the pretty and simple girl"



MRS. CRAWFORD.

Photo by Bullingham, Harrington Road, S.W.

that he had met, and was astounded to find she was the heroine of a famous divorce case. He, however, declared that he would befriend her, and thus it was that Mrs. Crawford has had among her most active friends for some years past two of the great pillars of the rival creeds of Christendom. Mrs. Crawford was married at eighteen, and, although she is now twenty-eight or so, still looks about the age when she was first married. I congratulate Mr. W. L. Courtney on his good judgment in signing her name to the article in the *Fortnightly*.

I learn from the *New York Herald* that Miss Marie Studholme, who has made a great hit as Daisy Vane in "An Artist's Model" at the Broadway Theatre, had not been in America ten days when she received an offer of marriage (by mail) from a Wyoming man. *The Sketch* is probably responsible for this, for he explained in his letter that he had frequently seen pictures of Miss Studholme in the papers, that he is an Englishman, that he owns a ranch, and that he has three hundred horses. Of course, Miss Studholme, as Mrs. Porteous, can't look at the offer.

proprietor of the *New York World* is said to have had several scions of our aristocracy under his care. He pays his private secretary a very handsome salary, but no one stays in the post more than a year. The most adventurous was a youngster who thought he would "boss" Mr. Pulitzer. So, when his employer entered the study for the day's work, the private secretary was usually found in the most comfortable chair, from which he declined to rise, though he greeted Mr. Pulitzer with a not unfriendly nod. It is suggested that the relations between



MISS MARGERY MAUDE AS JULIET IN THE MANSION HOUSE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

It is wonderful how new women become New (with the capital). I met a little girl of nine or ten, the other day—she wore short frocks and had her hair, which was not golden, hanging down her back—with a single eyeglass pertly perched in the left eye. I was much amused by the expert way in which she fixed it and then let it drop by raising her pretty little eyebrow.

The numerous gentlemen who at one time or another have acted as private secretary to Mr. Pulitzer ought to write their reminiscences. The

Mr. Pulitzer and his English private secretaries will be included in the general treaty of arbitration which Lord Salisbury is urged to negotiate with Mr. Cleveland.

Two American managers are now engaged in war over the rights of "Gentleman Joe."

The latest thing in journalism is the *Military and Naval Medal Magazine*. It hails from Forest Hill. What next?

The Scot was at it a hundred and fifty years ago just as he has been in the Transvaal crisis. I can't help being vividly reminded of this, for I have had sent me a facsimile reproduction of the *Cambridge Journal* of Jan. 4, 1746, which has been issued as a souvenir of the 150th birthday

The following is an authentic Copy of a very barbarous Order issued by the Governor of the Pretender, in the Shires of Aberdeen and Bamff; for the carrying of which into Execution, we are assured, Parties are actually sent through that Country, which are two of the Counties disarmed by Law, and unprovided with Arms, or any legal Authority to use them. This Order, in the Shire of Aberdeen alone, may raise either 2400 Men, or 12000 l. Sterling, which amounts to 5 s. in the Pound of the real Rack Rent; and wherever the Country, for its Want of Protection, shall refuse or neglect to comply with this Order, their Damage, by this Military Execution of Burning, will be yet heavier.

By Order of the Right Hon. Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties, and Governor of the Towns of Aberdeen and Bamff: Whereas I desired and ordered J. Moir of Stonywood, to intimate to all the Gentlemen and their Doers, within the said Counties of Aberdeen and Bamff, to send into the Town of Aberdeen, a well-bodied Man for each 100 l. Scots, their valued Rent, sufficiently clothed, and in consequence of my Order he wrote circular Letters to all the Heritors, and the above Counties, desiring them to send in a Man sufficiently clothed, &c. for each 100 l. Scots of their valued Rent. Which Desires they have not complied with. Therefore I order and command you, to take a sufficient Party of my Men, and go to all the Lands within the above Counties, and require from the Heritors, Factors, or Tenants, as you shall think most proper, an able-bodied Man for his M—K—J—'s Service, with sufficient Highland Cloaths, Plaid and Arms, for each 100 l. of their valued Rent, or the Sum of 5 l. Sterling Money for each of the above Men, to be paid to J. M. of Stonywood, or his Order, at Aberdeen: And in Case of Refusal of the Men or Money, you are forthwith to burn all the Houses, Corn and Planting upon the aforesaid Estates; and to begin with the Heritor or Factor refusing on the Lands; and not to leave the said Land until the above Execution be done, unless they produce Stonywood's Lines, shewing they have delivered him the Men or the Money. Given at Aberdeen, this 12th of December, 1745. Subscrib'd

LEWIS GORDON.

From a newspaper of Jan. 4, 1746.

of its existing representative, the *Cambridge Chronicle*. As a matter of fact, the paper started in 1744, but no earlier issue of it than the one mentioned (it is number 68) exists.

The loyal folk of Cambridge then read in this journal of Jan. 4, 1746, the latest news of the disloyal Northerners who were reopening the Jacobite struggle. On Jan. 4, 1896, their descendants read of how the Scot, "Dr. Jim," was reopening the old Transvaal difficulty. On Jan. 4, 1746, the journal published the manifesto of the rebel chief, Lord Lewis Gordon. On Jan. 4, 1896, the daily papers published the message of the Kaiser, and everybody knows that the "wee bit German lairdie" was the cause of the Jacobite rebellion. They are very curious these two pictures.

King George is King, yet rebels sing
The Stuart Prince's praise,
And in the North, beyond the Forth,
Fierce treason's terrors blaze;
The Highland chieftains rise in arms,
The country rings with war's alarms.

The trusty Celt has donned his belt,
His claymore in his hand,
To wage the fight for Charlie's right
As sovereign of the land.
The dashing Prince's heart is glad;
The "wee bit German lairdie's" sad.

Then Cumberland, in full command,
Sets out to crush them all;
Soon postboys fly in hue and cry
With tidings to Whitehall,
How Charlie's army, fierce and dour,
Was scattered on Culloden Moor.

Victoria, Queen; how changed the scene!
The Stuart is forgot,
Yet riot reigns—there still remains
The energetic Scot.
Perchance the James's rights seem dim—
And yet we've got our Dr. "Jim."

This Dr. "Jim"—'twas mad of him—
Has marched and fought and fell,
And every thorpe knows Krügersdorp
Within the day too well.
By way of heaping up the fire,
The "German lairdie" sends a wire.

Though in a fix poor Ninety-Six
Began its young career,
Yet peace may come, and hushed the drum,
As in Prince Charlie's year;
We've all forgot Culloden Moor,
And yet may welcome Brother Boer.

What a gulf between this *Cambridge Journal* of Jan. 4, 1746, and another print of Jan. 4, 1896, called the *Yearly Graphic*! The latter was published on the occasion of the sixth birthday dinner of the *Daily*

Graphic, held at the Holborn Restaurant on the date mentioned. It is a miniature form of the *Daily Graphic*, and shows remarkable enterprise and ingenuity; inasmuch as the letterpress and pictures are all apropos of the staff. The front page, which I reproduce, will give an idea of its contents. There is an amusing account of "The Lock-Out of the Art Department," and, to those who know, the notes scattered throughout the paper are very funny.

A friend of mine in the City writes me as follows—

I have received a letter from Trebizond from a man whom I know well, and whom I know to be hard-working, honest, and no Revolutionist. Respected by all who knew him, he was once in my own employ, and during the Russian-Turkish War he was in the employ of Mr. Vizetelli, who was correspondent for the *Illustrated London News* at the seat of war in Asia Minor. This poor fellow has committed one crime, that of being an Armenian, and, worst of all, a Protestant Armenian. On Sept. 26 he brought his wife from the village to Trebizond. He had all his bedding and clothing and other effects, packed on horses, with him. Upon entering the city he found that a massacre had begun, and he took refuge in the house of an Armenian merchant who had five well-to-do brothers. Three of these brothers were massacred; one was imprisoned, and remains there up to present, and one is a refugee in a European's house. Their stores and flour-mill were plundered. His clothing, bedding, &c., were stolen and his house in the village plundered and set on fire. A lady, who lost her husband in the massacre, gave him and his wife a flannel each, as all their clothing was gone. He estimates that in Trebizond and the neighbouring villages a thousand persons have been killed, and most of the Armenian houses have been burnt, after being plundered, as also the various storehouses. The people are without food, clothing, or homes; and many are emigrating to Russia without means of existence, and many will perish with cold and hunger. A charity fund has been opened by the American Missionary, Dr. Pamella, but what is it?—threepence per week for each person. Nothing is doing in business, through panic; there is no money, everything is dear, the winter is cold, and, in the interior, people naked, and starving, and homeless. The poor fellow had, of course, no idea that I would ask you to publish his simple tale, which is only one of a thousand, and one of the least painful. If you could allow space in your columns for this appeal, perhaps some of your readers might feel their hearts touched, and send you a few small subscriptions. In confidence, I will give you the name of the family I appeal for, and I am sure that Mr. G. Longworth, the British Consul at Trebizond, would gladly be the means of handing over any sum you may be able to remit to him. I can only say that every five-pound note would save a family from literal starvation during this winter, and that hundreds of families will undoubtedly starve to death during the next three months within a short distance of the coast.

It is generally supposed that the miser's greatest regret in departing to another world is that he must leave his wealth behind him. We most of us, I suppose, have heard the tale of that astute gentleman who desired his son to place a portion of his fortune in the coffin with him, an injunction which the yet astuter heir carried out by enclosing with the remains a crossed cheque for the amount, drawn to "order," "the governor having always been such a careful man." The other day, a friend of mine told me a story of a wealthy moribund that was new to



From a Newspaper of Jan. 4, 1896.

me. The departing Croesus was a clergyman who had paid more attention to the laying-up of treasure on earth than the prevalence of moth and rust should warrant. In his last days he was carefully tended by an ancient rustic, who for many years had been his body-servant. "Ah, Tom!" he said, "so I must go, and must leave all my gold and silver behind me!" "Ay, sir," replied his man, "there's no help for that. But, then, don't you mind; if you could take it, 'twould only melt."

"A Pantomime Rehearsal" seems destined to go on for ever. How many people who saw it when it was produced years ago in the famous triple-bill ever imagined that the unpretentious little piece would run right into 1896? At Blackheath last Wednesday a company of amateurs gave a triple-bill consisting of "The Burglar and the Judge," "Lady Fortune," and "A Pantomime Rehearsal," in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham, and scored a success. Here is the cast of the last item: Jack Deedes, Mr. A. W. G. Batchelor; Tomkins, Mr. Russell Kindon; Sir Charles Grandison, Mr. Aubrey H. Hersee; Lord Arthur Pomeroy, Mr. Robert Whyte junior; Captain Tom Robinson Mr. P. A. Davies; Lady Muriel Beaulere, Miss Sherley-Price; The Hon. Lily Eaton-Belgrave, Miss Mabel Harrison; The Hon. Violet Eaton-Belgrave, Miss Ethel Longstaff; The Hon. May Russell-Portman, Miss Winnifred Wiskin; The Hon. Rose Russell-Portman, Miss Edith Hersee; Lady Sloane Willery, Miss Nellie Hannam; and Lady Dorothea Langham, Miss A. Grahame Wagstaff.

It is not generally known that a "degradation scene" exactly similar to the one presented at the Adelphi occurs in a fine drama produced at the Ambigu Theatre in Paris, called "Le Régiment," and, strange to say, this play was produced before Lieutenant Dreyfus was arrested and degraded. Of



Hon. Lily. Captain Tom Robinson. Lord Arthur. Hon. Violet.
CAPTAIN TOM ROBINSON: *To slay ye both it is our painful duty;
Say, will the dagger or the poison suit ye?*
THE SLAUGHTER OF THE BABES ("A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL").



Hon. Violet. Lady Sloane. Hon. Lily. Lord Arthur. Hon. May. Lady Dorothea. Hon. Rose.
THE LADIES: *Oh, you must not give it up!—you do it beautifully. Nobody can do it like you, Lord Arthur!*
"A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYLAND, BLACKHEATH.

course, in all these scenes at a popular theatre there must be a trifle of what would be called elsewhere "poetic licence." For instance, an officer situated as Mr. Terriss is, coming from prison for punishment, would not be permitted to wear his sword, which would be brought in and broken by his Colonel. Then, of course, women and crowds would not be admitted to a Court-Martial, and certainly no screaming woman in the "hollow square." But these incidents are trivial, and perhaps necessary for dramatic effect.

Mr. J. E. Dodson, who has been cast for the part of Andrew Gibbard in the New York production of "Michael and His Lost Angel," affords a striking example of the success that may be gained across the seas by English artists, his career in America forming a picture happily brighter than that presented by the poor Dacres in the Antipodes. Although Mr. J. E. Dodson had done much creditable work on the English boards for some fifteen years, it was not until he went out to the States with the Kendals that he really came to the front. By American Press and playgoers he was generally recognised as one of the best members of that company, and his success was so marked that he remained in America, after the return of the Kendals, under engagement to Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. Dodson is an adept in the useful art of "making-up," and is, indeed, famed professionally for his skill in fashioning artificial noses.

He was dead and is alive. First came the news that among the victims of Jameson's raid was Captain the Hon. Charles Coventry, the second son of the Earl of Coventry. He was shot in the back, but he still lives, and is recovering. The Queen telegraphed to his father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Coventry: "I cannot say how



THE HON. CHARLES COVENTRY.

Photo by Dickinson and Foster, New Bond Street, W.

delighted I am to hear that your dear son is alive and recovering. Most sincerely do I congratulate you." In the belief that the young officer had fallen, a special memorial service was arranged to be held on Thursday in Croome Church, Worcestershire. The service took place, but its accompaniments were not sorrow and tears, but joy and congratulation. The words and anthem were those of thanksgiving in place of woe. Lord and Lady Coventry and their family were present, and their neighbours and tenants attended. Captain Coventry began with the Worcestershire Militia, and then served with the Bechuanaland Police during the Matabele campaign. He is now in the British South Africa Company's service.

It is said that her Majesty has read her erratic grandson, the Kaiser, a severe lecture on his telegram. The Queen has

so large an amount of solid common-sense that she could hardly fail to be annoyed at her kinsman's little peculiarities, and a lecture from her would, doubtless, have a salutary effect.

They are very much up-to-date at Drury Lane. Miss Dagmar, as Dandini, now sings the following apropos verse in her "Servant's Song"—

With the Kaiser, then, I obtained a place,
For he was our Queen's relation;
I met him at Cowes, where he came to race
As a friend of the English nation.
But I left when he sent out to Boerland
A message of hostile feeling;
And now that we've seen the German's hand
We're ready for double-dealing.

Mr. Crowdy, who has so successfully taken charge of the fortunes of the Princess's Theatre, recently did a smart thing. He caused programmes or fly-sheets to be printed, setting out the manifold attractions of "A Dark Secret," and underneath he placed these words: "If you can't get in to see 'A Dark Secret,' go to see 'Cinderella' at Drury Lane." I hear that the Knight of Drury was but indifferently pleased with the gratis advertisement. By the way, for those who like dark secrets told by daylight, there will be another *matinée* at the Princess's next Saturday.

"One man's meat is another man's poison." Mr. Wilson Barrett's play has afforded a fine opportunity for illustrating the adage.

THE CHURCH.

Dean Hole, in the *Guardian*, speaks of the play as a "theatrical performance which so manifestly quickens in all who witness it, especially from the crowd in the pit and gallery, their admiration of the Christian character and their confidence in the Christian faith. As the contrast in this most pathetic tragedy of 'The Sign of the Cross' between purity and lust, love and cruelty, self-sacrifice and sensuality, evokes a righteous indignation, a sympathy with virtue and a contempt of vice, so should we encourage every effort to demonstrate the beauty of holiness and the ugliness of sin, and to overcome evil with good."

THE "WORLD."

Mr. Archer, in his weekly article, speaks of "this series of tawdry tableaux, with their crude appeal to the shallowest sentiments and lowest instincts of the mob. The thing is an astute and apparently successful attempt to make capital out of that half-hearted hankering after the stage which has of late become an almost inseparable characteristic of your liberal-minded cleric. . . . Having no reasonable standards of comparison, the simple-minded padres, like children at their first pantomime, did not recognise the pretentious puerility, the hideous vulgarity, of the whole thing, and set to work dutifully to beat the "pulpit, drum ecclesiastick" at the door of Mr. Barrett's booth. A Salvationist pantomime—that defines the show. There ought really to be a Harlequinade, in which Marcus Superbus, transformed into the Clown, should throw dust in the eyes of the clergyman, who would, of course, for the nonce, replace the policeman of tradition."

The Dowager Duchess of Newcastle has left Hill Street for her residence near Tower Hill. That is an announcement one does not see in the *Morning Post*, perhaps because her Grace's residence is a little house near Tower Hill, in which she occasionally resides to be on the spot for her work among the London poor.

Absolutely the latest development of the collecting craze is the collection of tramway-tickets. A company has been formed in Munich to "conduct the sport," and I have had sent me the opening album, which contains specimens of the tramway-tickets of all countries.

The Lord Chief Justice has been a visitor to Venice during the New Year vacation, and he succeeded in eluding any Press announcements of his whereabouts. At Venice he debated whether to proceed to Rome or to Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo won, and, of course, all the papers found it out. It may be a relief to the Anti-Gambling League to know that the Lord Chief Justice was merely a spectator at the tables, not a participator in the game.

Judge Tom Hughes is staying at Torquay, not so well as he ought to be, accompanied by Mrs. Hughes. The author of "Tom Brown's School-days" must expect to have admirers who name their sons after him, and yet he seemed a little surprised to find already installed in his hotel at Torquay another bearer of his name.

A correspondent points out that Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein has already served in three campaigns, and is therefore not quite new to "war's alarms."

The D Troop of the Middlesex Yeomanry Cavalry (Duke of Cambridge's Hussars) held their second Cinderella Dance in St. James's Hall on Wednesday, and it was well attended by officers, troopers, and their friends.

The author of "The Wallypug of Why" has received a letter from Hawarden Castle, stating that Miss Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's little granddaughter, is much enchanted with the story. Strange is the power of heredity.

Publicity's charms you would woo?
Apply to Miss Dorothy Drew.
Just send her your tale,
And the lady won't fail
To scribble a post-card to you.

Madame Eleanora Duse has requested her friend Mr. L. Alma-Tadema to contradict the report that she is writing her Life, or, indeed, any book whatever. She hates publicity of any kind.

Mr. Leonard C. Smithers, the publisher of the new illustrated quarterly, the *Savoy*, was for some years connected intimately with the firm of H. S. Nichol and Co. He is a man of about forty, and is credited with an extensive and peculiar knowledge of rare and curious books, especially facetiae.

Mr. George Candy, Q.C., the new Conservative candidate for Southampton, is a strong man to be chosen, on account of his local connections, quite irrespective of his own personal qualifications. He is cousin to the members of the firm of Candy and Candy, solicitors, of Southampton, the Conservative agents for the borough. Mr. George Candy may be described as being of the bulldog type of barrister, rather short of stature, with big head, and firm, square chin. He wears his hair short on the cheeks, as most lawyers do, looks about fifty, and is married. Professionally, he has gained distinction both as the brewers' advocate and as counsel in breach of promise cases.

Not everybody is aware that Mr. Arthur Paterson, author of those exciting stories of American life, "The Daughter of the Nez Percés" and "A Son of the Plains," is brother of William Allingham's widow, (Helen Paterson), the well-known artist. Their mother, Mrs. Henry Paterson, whose husband was a doctor at Manchester, was sister to the distinguished Unitarian divine, the Rev. Brooke Herford. Mr. Arthur Paterson is a married man of forty upwards.

There has been quite a rumpus among the undergrads of Chicago University because the President has ordained the compulsory donning of a uniform during all exercises in the Gymnasium. A rigid sense of propriety probably inspired this offence-causing edict. Further details on the matter would be interesting.

In an advertisement leaflet stuck into the current issue of several magazines, Messrs. Sampson Low announce the appearance of James Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" in *Scribner's*. Once upon a time, we knew of J. M. Barrie; but *James*—never! D. Defoe or A. Pope are about as recognisable as that.

Charles Morton is indeed a clever man. I looked into the Palace Theatre a week or so ago, after an interval dating from the appearance of the muchly overrated Carmencita, and was astonished at what I saw. It was not so much that the house was crowded as the class of people by which it was filled. There was an audience that might have been transferred directly from the best West-End theatre. Ladies and gentlemen were there in the normal proportion, and no other music-hall, with the exception of the Empire in the season, could show such an audience. And the performance was splendidly chosen. Everything was of the best, and, to some certain extent, distinctive. There was no attempt to clash with the programmes of the great houses in Leicester Square, and yet the show was very much superior to that in vogue at the other music-halls. I could not help thinking of the time—just before Mr. Morton was appointed to the management—when a friend of mine was offered five hundred Palace Theatre shares for a shilling apiece. Of course, my friend refused the offer, saying his walls were already papered, and he doesn't like to be reminded of that offer now.



MISS ROSE HARVEY AS THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

It fell to the lot of the manager of the St. James's Theatre, Manchester, to produce the first pantomime of the season, for "Cinderella" saw the light at that theatre on Nov. 30. It is very bright and amusing, and Miss Rose Harvey makes a handsome boy.

The pantomime at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow, rolls along merrily. Miss Marie Loftus is at home on the banks of the Clyde, and is naturally a great favourite.

Miss Agnes Molteno is playing the part of the Fairy Queen, in the pantomime "Robinson Crusoe," at Mr. Michael Gunn's theatre, the Gaiety, Dublin. Another vocalist of repute on the operatic stage, Madame Alice Barth, is also appearing as the Fairy Queen at Scarborough.

Mr. John Drew appears to have been wonderfully successful during his recent engagement at the Empire Theatre, New York. It is stated that the manager-delighting "standing room only" boards were displayed at as many as eighty out of the series of one hundred performances. Something like good business indeed!

A scheme is afoot for the starting in cultured Boston of a Players' Club, on the lines of our own Playgoers' Club. Addresses on dramatic subjects and discussions of current performances of interest loom largely in the plans of the organisers of the new Players' Club, whose purpose is announced as being primarily serious.

Apropos of "The Sign of the Cross"—

Though, alas! we have to sigh
For a drama by Pinero,
If you'll do without the *Pi*
You may gorge yourself on *Nero*.

That must have been an interesting little dinner, "in the German

style," given by Mr. William Steinway to so brilliant a musical quintet as the brothers Jean and Édouard de Reszke, Madame Nordica, Miss Marie Brema, and M. Paderewski. With regard to the latter, a funny story is going the rounds. A Virginian banjoist, so they say, sent his banjo to Paderewski, and requested him to write some opinion on the sheepskin. The great Polish pianist politely acceded, employing the following terms: "I have not the pleasure of being a performer on this beautiful instrument; I am only a piano-player." Was this "wrote sarcastik"?

A concert and dramatic entertainment, under the patronage of the Duchess of Teck, has been arranged by Miss Isa Keyser, in aid of Whittington House, Stepney Green (a lodging-house and training-home for girls). It will be held at the Savoy Hotel to-morrow at three o'clock. Among the artists who will appear are Mr. David Bispham, Miss Fanny Brough, Miss Jessie Bond, Miss Vane Featherston, Miss Katie Seymour, Mr. C. Hawtrey, Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Wheeler, and others. Tickets, 10s. 6d., may be had by applying to Miss Isa Keyser, 4, Sloane Terrace, S.W., or Messrs. Chappell, New Bond Street.

The thousands of men and women who have at various times enjoyed the Empire ballets will hear with regret of the sudden death of Miss Lizzie Vincent, sister to Ada Vincent, who appears as Marguerite in "Faust." Miss Lizzie Vincent was a neat and graceful dancer, and had derived the fullest benefit from the tuition of Madame Lanner. She appeared in most, if not all, of the Empire ballets, and only left the stage in May last to be married. Her death was sudden and unexpected, for she was young and apparently enjoyed the best of health.



MISS MARIE LOFTUS AS SINBAD, AT THE ROYAL THEATRE, GLASGOW.



MISS LILIAN STANLEY AS SINBAD'S SVERTHEART.



MISS WINIFRED MARSDEN AS A SAILOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



MDLLE. JANETTE, PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE AQUARIUM, GREAT YARMOUTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

L.—“*L'ILLUSTRATION*” AND M. LUCIEN MARC.

To those interested in contemporary French letters, the strange lack of periodical literature now existing in France remains an insoluble problem. If a certain restricted number of comic, and, it must be added, pornographic publications be excepted, there remain only some three or four illustrated weeklies, which compare, with the exception of *L'Illustration*,



M. MARC.

Photo by Benque and Co., Paris.

very unfavourably with English and American publications of the same class.

L'Illustration was founded exactly fifty-two years ago by M. Dubochet, who was also, be it noted, the first Parisian to found a company for the exploitation of gas. Much about the same size as the *Illustrated London News*, the new weekly “caught on” at once, its only rival then being the educational illustrated *Magasin Pictoresque*, which, appearing once a fortnight, did much good work among a small circle of readers. *L'Illustration* has had four editors, Monsieur Auguste Marc, the father of the present *rédacteur en chef*, having fully sustained the European reputation of the paper.

Monsieur Lucien Marc (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) kindly consented to see me in the fine offices of *L'Illustration*, 13, Rue Saint Georges, and in his severely plain study, lined on one side with a complete collection of the bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, he told me something of his editorial aims and objects, and of the past and present history of his journal.

“You probably know,” he observed, “that it has always been our object to make *L'Illustration* suitable for family circulation; without being in the least prudish, or making the young person our sole criterion, we strive to produce an illustrated publication which can lie on any drawing-room table, which will appeal to every class of the community, and to all those interested in current events.”

“You pay special attention to the literary value of serials?”

“Yes,” he replied thoughtfully; “the novel running from week to week through our pages has always been one of the most valuable features of the paper. In *L'Illustration* was first published Daudet's ‘Numa Roumestan’ and ‘L'Immortel’; also we are just about to begin his new story, ‘Soutien de Famille.’ By the way, Alphonse Daudet is one of the few French novelists whose name in a bill of contents makes a distinct difference to the circulation? When we are publishing one of his novels, we find that the number of our *abonnés* increases steadily week by week. Among other story-writers who have written for us are Bourget, Malot, Ohnet (many of whose novels first appeared in our pages), Loti, Coppée, and Madame Jeanne Mairet.”

“And, next to your stories, what is your most popular feature?”

“Undoubtedly those illustrations and articles which deal with adventurous travels and with foreign countries,” was the somewhat unexpected answer. “We lately published an account of the Soudan, written by Dubois and illustrated by Adrien Marie; they both visited Central Africa at our expense. It is very difficult, however, to find men able and willing to undertake this kind of work. They must be single, healthy, possessed of either literary or artistic talent, and conversant with several languages and dialects. I hope to try several experiments of the kind, for I feel sure my readers appreciate this feature of *L'Illustration*. I suppose I need hardly tell you that *actualité* is our motto and watchword, and that everything is sacrificed to what is topical and of immediate interest. Constantly the whole ‘make-up’ of the paper is altered at the last moment in view of striking and unexpected occurrences. I employ an immense number of special artists, and only the other day sent over one of our best men to London apropos of the Arton affair. Again—and in this I believe that I entirely differ from my English *confrères*—I both advance and delay the publication of a number of the paper should circumstances seem to require it.”

“And do you find a colonial war—the Madagascar Expedition, for example—make a great difference to your circulation?”

“Not as much as might be expected. The special pictures of the assassination of President Carnot produced less rise than those of his funeral, and the week following that of Victor Hugo's obsequies we went up two hundred per cent. An important funeral means good business from a journalistic point of view,” concluded M. Marc, smiling. “The

attempt of a French editor,” he added, after a pause, “must be to give his readers something fresh and startling every week. Our public do not care to have too much of even a good thing. I notice that in England the portrait of a pretty woman is always acceptable, but Parisians soon tire even of a succession of pretty faces.”

By the way, Monsieur, do you make much use of photographs?”

“No; I consider the camera is only an auxiliary to art, and I confess I deplore the increasing use of photography in English and American publications. I have remained fairly faithful to wood blocks. As to the methods of reproduction, I employ them all, and restrict my artists as little as possible.”

“Is it true that advertisements play a far smaller part in the production of French periodical literature than is the case in England?”

“It depends in what sense you make the question. *L'Illustration* depends entirely on its sales—the business done in the advertising department is comparatively insignificant. To my thinking, advertisement plays in England a too great and in France a too small part in the production of periodical literature. I particularly dislike the increasing use of ‘insets’; some of the English illustrated publications issued each week are really made up of advertisements, and it is difficult to know where the literary matter ends and the advertisements begin. Indeed,” with a smile, “the great English advertisers do things so well that often the public must mistake the pictures illustrating their wares for the real thing, and this is not as it should be.”

“Do you attach much importance to the art of the woodcut?”

“I do not believe in posters,” he answered, “but I attach importance and value to the judicious use of advertisement. Among my most successful attempts of the kind has been that of printing the programmes of the various theatres on the inside sheet of a reduced copy of *L'Illustration*. For the right of giving these leaflets away I have to pay the Opéra alone 10,000 francs per annum. By the way,” continued my host thoughtfully, “there is one thing I greatly admire about English papers, and that is the way in which English editors and their readers work together. You can't open a British publication without finding many interesting communications signed by private individuals. This ‘correspondence’ feature is unknown in France, and is, from every point of view, a great lack. Often valuable statements and news are not forthcoming owing to the inability of French editors to put themselves in intimate communication with their readers. I was much struck by noting something that occurred in the pages of an English paper, *Engineering*, after a late railway accident. Many people, notably one or two engineers who had been in the train, wrote telling what had occurred and offering technical explanations. Did the same habit obtain in France, we should, to quote but one instance, have known within a day or two the approximate truth about the grounding of the ironclads at Toulon. In every paper the matter was discussed exhaustively, and though there must have been an immense number of people who knew the exact facts of the case, none of them thought of communicating their knowledge to their paper.”

“One word more,” said M. Marc, as I rose. “I should like to tell you how often I have benefited, from every point of view, by my visits to London. Both the editor and the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* have been unwearingly courteous and kind, and I have got many valuable ideas and hints from studying their publications.”

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XIII.—LORD DUNFIELD.

For the first time in his life Lord Dunfield was suffering a bitter disappointment. Things had always gone very smoothly with him. As a boy—when his father was merely a wealthy commoner, absorbed in business and politics—he had known very little restraint; at Oxford, well supplied with money, he lived pretty much as nature bade him; and in his four-and-twentieth year came the complete independence which he had desired, but hardly ventured to hope for. His father's death was in the order of things; that of his elder brother, following in less than a twelvemonth, seemed to declare him fortune's favourite. The title, the vast possessions, were his; and in the same moment his eye fell upon a woman who, above all women he had ever known, answered to his ideal of a wife. Miss Filkins belonged to the wealthy middle-class; she was not over-educated, liked horses and dogs, and had no nonsense about her; her beauty, which was of the barmaid or burlesque-actress type, laid a spell upon the young nobleman. For a month or two he imagined that he had only to ask and to receive. When he did ask, and the frank refusal made it clear that he had no hope, Lord Dunfield suddenly saw the world in a new light. His crude gaiety gave place to a bilious pessimism; his coarse good-nature corrupted into brutal harshness; the varnish of gentle breeding was rubbed away, and showed the cheap, rough fibre beneath. In a word, this young man became precisely what he would have been had he grown up in low station and amid unkindly circumstances.

It was most interesting to observe the revelation of natural blackguardism in one who had hitherto been raised above himself by the force of social example. That Lord Dunfield was born a blackguard no discerning person could doubt, yet there had seemed some likelihood of his making a decent show in the world's eye, especially if good luck attended him in the matter of marriage. It might well be that

"BLUE BEARD," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MONS. H. AGOUST AS BLUE BEARD AND MDLLE. L. AGOUST AS FATIMA.

Miss Filkins was the woman marked for his suitable helpmate. Herself of all but the coarsest grain, she had thoroughly learnt the lesson of social prosperity, and could be trusted, while the sun still shone, never to deviate from the secure, the becoming path. But her inclination was to another man, whom, it was presently announced, she would marry at the end of the season. Lord Dunfield had but slight acquaintance with his rival, a middle-aged man of fashion, given indeed to gambling, but not otherwise worse than his neighbours. Cankered with jealous malignity, the noble youth cast about for some means, not of preventing the marriage, for that he could not hope to do, but of instilling mutual suspicion into the minds of bride and bridegroom, so that they might soon come to hate each other with something more than common intensity. This would supply him with a pleasant subject of contemplation, and mitigate his sufferings at the time when they would otherwise be most acute.

While pondering this project, he was little seen in the society he had always frequented. After a week or so of ferocious retirement—during which he came near to killing a groom who displeased him, and only escaped legal penalties at a heavy cost—Lord Dunfield sought companionship where he would naturally have found it but for the accidents of his name and wealth; in a world, where he was quite unknown, among clerks and counter-jumpers, shop-girls and music-hall women, he awakened to a new sense of possible enjoyment. He had never been devoted to sport; the loss of a good deal of money had already disgusted him with betting circles; but here, in the thick of obscure London, a wonderfully congenial life offered him the resource he needed. He was himself surprised at the facility with which he made acquaintances, at the gusto with which he returned each evening to quarters of the town previously scarce known to him by name. Rowdiness in the purest form gave him keener pleasure than he had ever derived from its imitation at the West End. He liked the atmosphere of disorderly public-houses; it relieved him, as though from the burden of a lifetime, to yell and scuffle in back streets; with great success he threw off the phrases and accents demanded by civilisation, and used the language of his associates like a native tongue. To fling coin about and excite envious admiration affected him with a more delightful sense of flattery than he had ever known. Lord Dunfield was in his element, and shone as never before.

Then came the day of Miss Filkins's marriage. Having been twitted on this subject by many of his old friends—to whom he had spoken of the lady with premature confidence—he resolved to be present at the ceremony. And not for this reason only. He wished to observe the countenance of the bridegroom—if possible, of the bride. With female assistance, Lord Dunfield had concocted and manufactured two anonymous letters: one addressed to Miss Filkins, and containing information with regard to her future husband; the other, for that gentleman's own perusal, professing to throw light on certain points of Miss Filkins's history and character. Each was a masterpiece of calumny, most ingeniously devised, and sure to cause temporary, if not permanent, trouble and discord. These letters were posted on the eve of the wedding-day, so as to exercise their effect in the morning hours preceding the ceremony.

The marriage was at a small but fashionable church in a Western district. Lord Dunfield, naturally not having received an invitation, sought one of his friends who had, and arranged to meet him at the door in time to get a good seat. People arrived in large numbers; those who held cards all but sufficed to fill the church. In an unsubdued voice of sprightliness, Lord Dunfield gossiped with his friend. Nor was he singular in this; a like animation, the same unrestrained freedom of talk, prevailed throughout the assembly. All who were present by invitation represented a certain order of plutocratic society. Their names were frequent in the lists of fashion; they set the tone in manners to a considerable section of the less privileged public. The majority being women, a high note of talk and laughter resounded through the building. As time went on, and when it seemed that the opening of the entertainment was somewhat strangely delayed, curiosity increased the polite uproar. People stood up and looked about; several men unfolded newspapers; Lord Dunfield caused great amusement by offering his cigarette-case to those near him. At length, nearly half an hour behind time, confused noises near the entrance told that the indispensable persons had arrived. Then occurred a singular incident. All were seated, and only an occasional laugh broke the silence, when a deep, clear voice sounded from the upper end of the church.

"I must remind the congregation that they are in a place of worship, not in a theatre."

Someone giggled; two or three people coughed; then all were mute. Eyes exchanged glances of amazement. Had clergyman ever before dared to reprove the manners of such a congregation as this?

Lord Dunfield had much ado to contain his merriment. With every minute of the unexplained delay his spirits had risen; he was now jubilant, for the visage of the bridegroom convinced him that his plot had not failed; anyone had but to look at the man to see that he was in no wedding-day mood. The bride's veil undoubtedly concealed a similar perturbation. Moreover, one or two of her relatives were very dark looks. Lord Dunfield forgot his savage jealousy in delight at his success. The clerical admonition secured a semblance of decent behaviour throughout the ceremony. When the organ struck up its notes of dismissal, there was a rush for the exit. Lord Dunfield, unfavourably placed for escape, after futile efforts to crush out into the gangway, cried to his companion, "Come along, Bob, let's take the fences."

And together they vaulted from seat to seat, an exhibition of activity which was facetiously noticed in the society journals next week.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The events of the past two weeks have indeed moved at express speed. The news of the agitation in the Transvaal was followed by the tidings of the fatal raid and its defeat; then came fresh news, and the Kaiser's telegram and the chorus of hireling hatred that is easy enough to rouse against England in foreign journals. Lastly, the break in the cable was repaired, and the missing pieces of the news were given us. The story is fairly complete. The pressure of Boer extortion and ignorance had roused the great mining community of Johannesburg to the verge of revolt; the leaders of that community believed, or affected to believe, that a violent repression of their agitation and massacre of themselves were intended by the Boer Government; they sent for help to Dr. Jameson, who, though in Bechuanaland on legitimate business, was probably expecting some revolutionary movement. At the news he gathered up his forces and hurried across country, without taking time even to provision his force, expecting either to find the Boers besieging Johannesburg or to be met by a sallying body of volunteers. The desperate adventure failed. Johannesburg, partly pacified by promises of reform, restrained by the prompt official disavowal of Jameson, did not move to any effect. The small band of Englishmen dashed vainly against the deadly fire of overwhelming numbers, tried to break through again and again to friends, and, with starving men, outwearied horses, and spent cartridges, surrendered.

The Quixotic adventure, if entered on to protect men of British birth against oppression and massacre, was one which it is hard to blame; if entered on to overthrow an obnoxious Government and give political rights to the bulk of the Transvaal population, it was lawless, but not to be too rigorously condemned. "Filibusters" these men may be; but, without such adventurers, there had been no British Empire, no United States, no European colonies anywhere.

But the raid has given great occasion for our enemies to blaspheme. Already Dr. Leyds, one of the imported Dutchmen who help the Boers to squander the Outlanders' money, had come to Europe, well furnished with the sinews of (journalistic) war, and, at the news of the invasion, the chorus of French and German howls was opened on us. This was only to be expected. It came out, in recent washings of dirty political linen at Paris, that even the most reputable journals of that city would take the ill-gotten gold of Monte Carlo. To be paid by the Boers is a distinct rise in character. As for the German Press, when we wish to account for the line it takes, the question to be asked is not "Why?" but "How much?"

Still, along with the hired howlings of needy scribes, there is a good deal of genuine hatred of England, even in the highest circles; and the versatile Kaiser has given voice to this feeling in a telegram, ingeniously contrived to convey the maximum of insult with the minimum of risk. The literary style of the message is not remarkable, except for a sort of agony of tautology and efflorescence of verbiage, which would seem to show that Wilhelm the Second-rate, despite his considerable practice, is rather more of the amateur in drafting telegrams than in his other innumerable pursuits. If he had wired to President Krüger: "Glad grandmother's subjects shot," he would have expressed exactly what he meant, and would have saved an appreciable sum.

One good thing the chorus of German abuse has done: it has unveiled to us the full extent of the intrigue against our trade and colonies which the versatile Kaiser has been conducting for a considerable time. The ostentatious denial of the validity of the Convention of 1884—itsself one of Mr. Gladstone's surrenders—the effusive telegrams, the feverish activity of negotiation, all point to one design: the plan of Germany to acquire a protectorate over the Transvaal, absorb the Boers, exploit the country, and drive in a wedge to rift asunder the whole structure of British dominion in Africa. But our kind Teuton kinsmen are good enough to say that, if we will only yield on this and other points, they will be friendly again—in other words, if we will submit to have our pockets picked, they will give up calling us names.

The fact is that John Bull just now is face to face with a serious situation. He is the richest proprietor in the neighbourhood; he has occasionally trodden inadvertently on other people's toes; he is still in possession of most of the trade, and his counting-house draws heaps of gold into it. So his neighbours have combined to hoot him in the street, to throw stones at him, to assail him with all sorts of opprobrious names, and to follow him in a howling mob. One or two of them honestly think him an old reprobate; the others affect a great zeal for equity and liberty, but what they really want is his watch and chain. He cannot fight the lot with much hope of success; but, as yet, no one cares to be the first to set on him, for they love each other little better than they love him. What is the old gentleman to do?

First, let him appease any honest man in the crowd. His cousin Jonathan, at least, is moved by better motives than mere robbery; he wants to stand up for a dirty and cheeky little child called Venezuela. Let John agree to part of Jonathan's demand; let him, perhaps, give some of the others sixpence to go away. Then let him see that his cudgel is strong and handy, and that his pistol is loaded for extreme need; and, if the mob still presses on him, let him put his back to the wall and hit out at the nearest head. And if that head belong to William the Mannerless, so much the better.

MARMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House is, as always, full of charm and rare interest. Indeed, of all the exhibitions of the year, this remains ever the one towards which we look for less than novelty and for more than average beauty. At exhibitions, so called, "of the year," one is engaged rather in the labour of critical examination, and (too often) of critical fault-finding, than in work of sheer and frank appreciation. At this exhibition, that has all, for the most part, been done before, and you are set face to face with work which, out of the accumulating years, has

of a modern writer: "The luminous landscape is that which is full of shadows: not only every reed and rush . . . every uncertain aspen-leaf of the few trees, but every particle of the October air shows a shadow and makes a mystery of the light." The grace of the dancing figures is exquisite in the curvings and harmonious combinations. Among these French works, however, are some which, if somewhat less beautiful than the Corots and Daubignys, have singular personal and historical interest. One of these is the portrait of Marie Bashkirtseff, by



WOULD YOU JOIN ME?

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. J. D. MASON.

been sifted, and proved, and shown to be of unquestionable value. Yet it cannot be denied that there have been, in former days, winter exhibitions at the Academy which, for special reasons, have been more individually and particularly delightful.

The Velazquez Room of four years ago has no counterpart in this year's show, for that collection was splendidly representative, whereas, although the room devoted to the French Masters, partly of a somewhat antique past, and partly of the Romantic School, is an engrossing novelty, it cannot be said quite to represent that school at the flower of its achievement. Two lovely Corots, however, are there, "Rome," a little view of the city in extreme sunlight from the dark of two trees depending the one towards the other, and "Evening," a tree-scene of splendid poetic sentiment, a landscape in which you face the sun; in this picture Corot has, in paint, beautifully realised that noble description

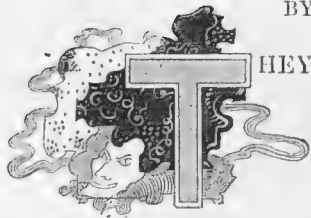
Bastien Lepage, a sweet and tender composition; and another is Greuze's portrait of Robespierre, the veritable "sea-green Incorruptible," with his powdered hair and green coat.

The Large Room is even more various than usual; but though its best is exceedingly fine, its inferior pictures are, perhaps, below the usual average in excellence. Gainsborough's "The Harvest Waggon" has more than this artist's distinction of colour and refined composition, with its fine golden light and exquisite atmosphere. The "Countess of Bellamont" has all Sir Joshua's dignity and greatness of sentiment. Here, indeed, is shown the Gentleman of Paint, to whom the woman comes with an arousing of chivalrous emotion and of the mysterious intimacies of sex. Call Vandyck, if you will, the Prince; Sir Joshua is the gentleman. We will return to the consideration of this exhibition next week.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE PRACTICAL TEST.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



THEY sat idly on the deck of an Atlantic liner. The moon was rising. It was evening in June, and they were nearing "the Banks." Even there in mid-ocean the setting summer sun had so warmed the air that they could lounge at their ease in long wicker deck-chairs, and discuss a knotty point in the moral philosophy of the domestic relations.

"For my part," Maimie Whitmore remarked, drawing her little woollen wrap somewhat closer round her ears, "I say a woman's first duty is to her husband."

"And for my part," Arthur answered, leaning across towards his wife, "I say a woman's first duty is to her children."

"How do you make that out, Whitmore?" the Major inquired lazily. The Major had a pretty knack of his own in casuistry.

"Why, it runs through all nature," Arthur Whitmore replied. "It belongs to the very essence of the feelings engendered in us by natural selection. The male fights always for the female and the young; the female fights for the young only, or turns tail to protect them, leaving the male to defend himself."

"I remember," the Major mused, "I was out tiger-hunting once in a *nullah* in India, and I came across a tiger, with the tigress and cubs lying hid in the jungle. I fired at the brute, and he leapt straight up at me, but the tigress and the cubs slunk away through the long, tall reeds of the cane-brake. Well, I killed that tiger, and went after the tigress; but, when I got her at bay, she fought like a regular devil for her cubs, I can tell you. So there's your case, Whitmore."

"Yes, it must always be so," Arthur Whitmore continued. "The male, as the more active and stronger of the two, must fight for the female and the young together; the female, as the weaker, yet the protector of the young, must leave the male to look after himself, and, at all risks to him, must take care of the little ones. They are the hope of the race, the future of the species. The sire has had his day; if he sacrifices his life for his young, no great harm can come of it. But the little ones have all the world before them; for their sake, the mother must run no needless risk; her first duty is to them; she has borne them and suckled them; to sacrifice them to the father would be unnatural and harmful, and, in the widest sense, unfeminine."

"That's all very well for the beasts," Maimie answered petulantly; "but we are *not* beasts, and I say, with us, a woman's first duty is always to her husband. Fold up my chair before you come below, Arthur; I'll run down and see how Charlie and the baby are getting on in the state-room."

"It opens up an interesting moral question," said the chaplain, as Maimie disappeared with a nod down the companion-ladder. "It seems to me you make things rather rough for the husband, don't you?"

"Well—no," Arthur answered. "I look at it like this: Parents bestow much love on their children, and the love they receive in return very rarely requites them. It is repaid by the children to the next generation, as the father and mother themselves repay the debt they incurred to their own parents. It's the same with the father. The love he lavishes on the woman of his choice is repaid by her in part to himself, in part as care on her side for the children, who are, after all, *his* children. I don't see how a race could well be kept up otherwise. The man must love, first, his wife, then his children; the woman must love her children best of all, and repay the surplus of her love to her husband."

"Let's have a cigar," the Major said, with a yawn. "We're growing quite sentimental."

They smoked, and went below. In half an hour all was still, save on the bridge, where the officer of the watch paced up and down and peered before him into the dark, for fog was forming.

Fog on "the Banks" at night is a terrible thing to the experienced seaman.

About two in the morning, every soul on board was awaked at once by a terrific crash that jarred horribly through the ship as she came to a sudden standstill. Her iron plates clanked; her timbers creaked and shivered. The bows were stove in. She had run into an iceberg!

In a second the electric light had gone out, and all was darkness. Too terrified for screams, men, women, and children groped their way through the long corridors and up the companion-ladder. On deck a few dim lights made the gloom just visible. The sea was rushing into the forward compartments; leaks had sprung in the after ones; the fires were out; tons of ice cumbered the quarter-deck; the fore-castle had disappeared with the violence of the collision.

Still, all on board was order. The captain, wounded by the falling ice, gave the word of command clear and steady as ever. Sailors were lowering the boats; the second officer, revolver in hand, was holding at bay the half-naked stokers, who had surged up from their noisome hole at the earliest alarm, and were trying to seize the first boat for themselves, regardless of the claims of the women and children.

One boat was ready. Arthur Whitmore stood on the deck, holding

his wife's hand tenderly. Maimie pressed the two children tight against her bosom.

"Women and children forward!" the captain called out in his clear, calm voice.

With a wild sob and a fierce embrace, Maimie clung to her husband. "Arthur, Arthur!" she cried, trembling, "won't they let you go with us?"

"No, darling," Arthur answered, kissing wife and little ones; "this boat is for women and children only."

"Then I must go with the children," Maimie sobbed, breaking forward.

They took their seats on the thwarts, and were pushed off into the dark deep. After three days at sea in the open boat they reached Cape Race. But Arthur went down on the sinking steamer.

He was justified, after all. Instinct had solved the problem aright for Maimie.

ABOUT POSTAGE-STAMPS.

The boundary dispute now disturbing the serenity of the diplomatic and financial relations between Great Britain and the United States of America has attracted a more than usual amount of attention towards the affairs of British Guiana, and even trivial details connected therewith

awake an interest which in ordinary times would be denied to far more important matters. This, by no means one of the most important of our Crown Colonies, has the honour, if honour it be, of having produced what in all probability is the scarcest of those postal labels which arouse the enthusiasm of the ardent philatelist. This is the "Two Cent Circular" of 1851, a rough, type-set adhesive, printed in black upon rose-coloured paper. Only some half-dozen copies are recorded, and, as none of these have changed

hands during recent years, their money value can only be approximated. Were one to occur for sale to-day, its ransom would probably amount to three if not four hundred pounds. Only one other postal issue approaches this in either rarity or value. The penny and twopenny "Post Office" Mauritius, forming the issue of that island for 1847, are almost equally as unobtainable as the "type-set" British Guiana, the existence of only eight examples of each being known to specialists. The last pair of these diminutive treasures turned up two years ago at Boulogne, and were purchased for the sum of £680 by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons and Co., Limited, who resold them to Mr. Avery, of Birmingham. Examples of all three stamps are preserved in the Taplin Collection at the British Museum, and also in the wonderful accumulation of postal curiosities belonging to Herr Philip von Ferrary, of Paris.

The postage-stamps of the British East Africa Company should be interesting to the ever-increasing army of stamp-collectors, and not too irritating, for, now that the Company has ceased to exist, they know the best and the worst of what they must encounter in acquiring an entire set. The Company's charter was granted towards the end of 1888, but it was not till May 1890 that stamps were required; then, none being ready, three English stamps, the penny, twopenny, and fivepenny, were surcharged by Messrs. De La Rue and Co. for provisional use. A handsome set of ten stamps, designed with the Company's arms—a sun surmounted by a regal crown—was prepared by Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson, and Co., and was issued in October 1890, while, at the end of that year, three more were issued, all now very rare, two being duplicate values of the earlier issue, printed in a different colour, and the third also a duplicate value, but *imperforate*. The two were intended for Inland Revenue purposes, but, as this was found inconvenient, the supply was used up postally. In May 1891, stamps for a half-anna and one anna were issued by the Company's postal agents at Mombasa, surcharged partly in MS., partly with a hand-stamp. These are extremely scarce, as they were used but for a short time, while awaiting a fresh supply of the ordinary stamp of those two values. During the first six months of 1891, three more stamps for general use were issued—2½ annas, 3 annas, and 4½ annas. There were no further issues until November 1894, when it was found that 5 and 7½ anna stamps would be useful; the 8 annas and 1 rupee of the second issue were surcharged with print in England and sent out, and in the following month two new stamps of those values took their place. The last issue of the Company was in February last year. The half-anna stamps again gave out, and a few of the 3-anna stamps of the fifth issue were surcharged with that amount, entirely in MS., with the initials of the Company's postmaster at Mombasa, Mr. Remington. Collectors, therefore, as I have said, know what they have to get; but it follows, of course, that the first provisional issue and the MS. issues must always be extremely rare. I understand that a new set of stamps for British East Africa, as a British Colony or Protectorate, will shortly be issued. The Company's stamps, with its arms and motto, "Light and Liberty," are remarkably pretty and effective.



“THE MIKADO,” AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELL'S, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS POOH-BAH.

*“I’m a particularly haughty and exclusive
Person of pre-Adamite ancestral descent.”*

FIVE MINUTES WITH THE MIKADO.

Mikado *redivivus*, reincarnated in the person of Mr. R. Scott Fishe, greeted me checrily (writes a *Sketch* representative) as I entered his dressing-room at the Savoy, where he was busy putting the final touches of terror to the visage of the Japanese despot—a great contrast to his own naturally frank and open features.

"I'm afraid my life has been an uneventful one," said the Mikado, with the modesty which is a genuine characteristic. "However, you may judge for yourself. As a boy, I became accustomed to singing in



THE MIKADO (MR. SCOTT FISHE).

"A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist."

public, and my performing in choirs and at concerts led to my first engagement. For about three months, I appeared in a variety show at Hengler's Circus, entitled 'The Ocean Wave,' singing nautical songs with plenty of action. At the age of eighteen I was one of the chorus and understudy to Ludwig in Luscombe Searle's 'Black Rover,' produced at the Globe.

"The piece," said my informant, with some humour, able now to look lightly on past failures, "had an uninterrupted run of six weeks." Here we were pleasantly broken in upon by the popular composer, Mr. Sidney Jones, who had come to offer the Mikado the first singing of a new song from his pen. I welcomed this new aid in drawing out the confessions I wanted, and the Mikado—by this time gorgeously arrayed in his splendidly embroidered robe of black silk—continued: "I was next in the chorus of 'Ivanhoe,' and understudied several of the baritone parts, but especially the Friar; but the engagement only lasted seven weeks."

"Yours were short runs, certainly. Of course, you were anxious to find something more permanent?"

"Precisely; and I found it in a twelve months' tour with Edwin Cleary in South America," was the reply, as the speaker's face brightened affectionately towards a photo of that impresario, which hung with distinction among many others, including one of Sir Arthur Sullivan. "We took on tour no less than ten operas, including 'The Pirates of Penzance,' 'Erminie,' and 'Pepita.'"

To my query whether this was an eventful pilgrimage, the Mikado replied in the affirmative, in a tone which implied that, in the six years between "The Ocean Wave" and "The Mikado" there had been at least one period pregnant with romantic experiences.

"After leaving Valparaiso, our steamer, the *John Elder*, was wrecked on the rocky coast of Chili in a fog, about 6 a.m. By rare good-luck all the company were saved, but after much exposure. Miss Leonora Braham and Alice Ainslie Cook were among the rescued, but the boat which carried Charles Tilbury (now of the Carl Rosa Opera) and me was capsized, and how we were got ashore I really don't know. But touching *terra-firma* was not the end of our troubles, as we had to trudge some fifty miles over pathless country, under a broiling sun, before we could get any material assistance. Cleary and I determined

to cross the Andes, from Chili to Argentina, on horseback; and, as the journey took us only six days, we beat the steamer party by one day. The prevalence of yellow fever brought the tour to an abrupt end."

During a pause, the Mikado, by way of clearing his voice, inflated his lungs, and, with the pleasure of a real artist in his peculiar gift, ran up and down his big compass, and finally treated me to some bars of his song, "From every kind of man obedience I expect," and certainly his stature seemed well calculated to command it. He is a good horseman, and of athletic and powerful build.

By this time I was curious to know what specific training, apart from actual operatic work, had produced that resonant baritone, and I directed my inquiries to that point. "All the training I have had has been in London, first with Mr. Arthur Oswald, and next with Mr. Henry Russell, the son of the famous song-composer, and a really good man. But, after all," said he, with all modesty, "I find the best training is patient experiment. When I want to produce a certain effect, I cast about until I find some means of producing it."

"The remainder of your career, I believe, may be described as Cartesian?"

"Yes. On my return from America, I was going down to the Savoy one day, when Mr. Carte met me, and asked whether I could play, that same night, Mr. Green's part of Merton in 'The Vicar of Bray.' I accepted the offer, played that night, and till the end of the run."

"A regular Cæsarian *Veni, vidi, vici*," said I; and I wrung from the Mikado the admission that his knowledge of the piano—on which, by-the-bye, he is an excellent performer—made him very rapid in rehearsal. Hence, though he is barely twenty-five, he has an exceptionally large repertoire for so young a man.

As the time for the Mikado's entrance was near, my victim summed up briefly. "I was next made over to the syndicate which produced 'Ma Mie Rosette,' and, but for ill-health—due largely to the exposure I met with in South America—I should have undertaken the part so finely played by Eugène Oudin. After six grand weeks of recruiting at San Moritz, I returned like a giant refreshed. I was engaged to play Jack in 'Jane Amie,' and this part is perhaps my first love, as is only natural with one's first success. You will, perhaps, remember me as Mr. Goldbury in 'Utopia,' as Gérard in 'Mirette,' and in the title-rôle of 'The Chieftain.' This year I was on tour for seven months in all the large



THE MIKADO.

"To make the punishment fit the crime."

provincial towns with 'Princess Ida,' 'The Vicar of Bray,' 'Utopia,' and 'The Chieftain,' but I was very pleased to be back at the Savoy again for the present run. The Savoy seems like home.

"More work!" he exclaimed, in a tone which reflected legitimate pride rather than resignation, as he received his call, and went on to sing to a crowded house. Most cordially he took leave of the composer of "An Artist's Model" and myself, with the promise to send, on the morrow, the photographs here reproduced.



THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

PITTI-SING (MISS JESSIE BOND), YUM-YUM (MISS FLORENCE PERRY), AND PEEP-BO (MISS EMMIE OWEN).

*"Three little maids from school are we,
Pert as a school-girl well can be,
Filled to the brim with girlish glee."*



KO-KO (MR. PASSMORE) AND KATISHA (MISS BRANDRAM).

"Katisha, for years I have loved you!"



KO-KO AND KATISHA.

"Katisha—mercy!"



KO-KO AND KATISHA.

"Katisha, behold a suppliant at your feet."



PITTI-SING (MISS JESSIE BOND) AND POOH-BAH.

"Don't in girlhood's happy spring be hard on us."



MR. WALTER PASSMORE AS KO-KO.

"Behold the Lord High Executioner!"



YUM-YUM AND NANKI-POO (MR. KENNINGHAM).

"If it were not for the law, we should now be sitting side by side, like that."



YUM-YUM AND NANKI-POO.

"We should be gazing into each other's eyes, like that."



NANKI-POO AND YUM-YUM.

"I'm a dead man, away on my honeymoon."



PITTI-SING AND POOH-BAH.

*"So please you, sir, we much regret
If we have failed in etiaquette."*



MISSES FLORENCE PERRY AND EMMIE OWEN AS YUM-YUM AND PEEP-BO.

"Yes, I am indeed beautiful!"



THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

*"Three little maids who all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,*

*' Freed from its genius tutelary,
Three little maids from school."*

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HER PENCHANT.

*"I have no use for tea at all,
For, candidly, I think
Of all the drinks that e'er was drunk
It is the poorest drink."*



IRATE FAT PARTY: Hi! this isn't a luggage-van.

YOUNG SPORT: I beg your pardon. I did not notice it was a cattle-truck.



A PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.

BROWN : Something must be the matter with that lift-boy: he's unnaturally polite, supernaturally clean.
 JONES : Boxing Day coming, that's all.



[*Drawn by Gunning King.*]

RECTOR: That is the new window in memory of Squire Tomkins. You remember him?
FARMER PARISHIONER: Yessir; but, law, how 'e's changed!

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

XI.—MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Although, like nearly all other London publishers, Mr. Fisher Unwin is associated with the publication of certain special classes of works, his lists of new books cover nearly the entire ground of intellectual wants and appetites. Mr. Unwin has probably "discovered" more new writers than any other man living, and a careful glance through either of those capital little publications, "Good Reading," of the last and the present season, will go far to convince most people that if Mr. Unwin has discovered much talent that might otherwise have been wasted on the desert air, his authors have also chanced upon a publisher who deserves to be immortalised as St. Unwin. Mr. Unwin is essentially a publisher of to-day, inasmuch as his extensive and varied business is the growth of only a dozen years.

Mr. Unwin was born in 1848. His father, Jacob Unwin, was the founder of the Gresham Press, and published books by the Rev. R. H. Hershell, father of the Liberal Lord Chancellor, Dr. Binney, and others. On his maternal side he is connected with the Millers of Dunbar and Haddington, who were printers, publishers, booksellers, and authors, just in the same way as the Chambersees of Edinburgh, whom, indeed, they preceded with a cheap magazine very early in the present century. Mr. Unwin was educated at the City of London School, and commenced life in the firm of Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, now well known as Hodder and Stoughton. Leaving this firm, he purchased the small publishing concern of Marshall and Japp, on Holborn Viaduct, and when he commenced in 1882 he had only two or three popular series of small books, while his "premises" comprised an upper floor of a house on the Viaduct aforesaid. The whole of a very large house in Paternoster Square now contains none too much space for his dozen or more series, his thousand-and-one other books which do not appear in any particular series, and his large staff of clerks, assistants, and so forth. Some of Mr. Unwin's earlier series, such as "Life Worth Living" and "Half-Holiday Handbooks" are still popular—the latter, in particular, being exceedingly informing and admirable little books.

Mr. Unwin's first large undertaking was the "Story of Nations" series, of which the first volume was issued in 1886. The extent and popularity of this excellent series may be estimated by the fact that forty-three volumes have appeared during the past nine years. Perhaps his most popular series is the "Pseudonym Library," which someone has aptly described as an "academy of new literary reputations." Considerably over half a million copies of these exceedingly handy little volumes have been sold. The "Adventure" series, which started with the realistic autobiographical fragment—if a large volume can be described by such a term—of Edward John Trelawney, the friend of Shelley, in 1890, has had a great run. The idea of the series, Mr. Unwin explains, is "to give true and vivid stories of adventure and peril, from manuscripts of old travels and biographies, which have formed the groundwork of so much fiction of the Rider Haggard School." About twenty volumes have been issued in this series. The "Cameo" series is a library of dainty books of poetry, in which Mr. William Watson's "Wordsworth's Grave," still considered by many to be Mr. Watson's masterpiece, first appeared. Amy Levy's "A London Plane-Tree" was published in the same series, the latest addition to which is Mr. Mason's "Flamma Vestalis," with a frontispiece after Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The "New Irish Library," the "Autonym Library" (in which a dozen volumes have appeared), the "Children's Library," the "Mermaid," and, finally, the "Criminology," are all more or less popular series with which Mr. Unwin's name is identified.

An Alpine climber himself, Mr. Unwin has made a speciality of mountain-climbing books. His most important work in this respect is Sir William M. Conway's "Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas"; but of a more popular nature are the Conway and Coolidge's Climbers' Guides, nine in number, issued at half-a-guinea each. Mr. Unwin's list of works published and on the point of publication includes many of importance—for example, Mr. Timothy Cole's "Old Dutch Masters," Cattaneo's "Architecture in Italy," Mr. Thompson's

"Russian Politics"; Mr. Henry Norman's "Peoples and Politics of the Far East," a charming book, now in its third edition; Mr. A. F. Mummery's "Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus," also in its third edition; an account of Mr. and Mrs. Workman's bicycle tour over the Atlas to the Sahara; Villari's "Republic and Parties at the Time of Dante"; M. J. J. Jusserand's "English Essays from a French Pen," and a great variety of others. For some years, and, indeed, quite recently, Mr. Unwin was the English publisher of the *Century*, for which Messrs. Macmillan are now the agents. His latest venture is a new periodical, *Cosmopolis*, which is simultaneously published in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, and is specially distinguished from its contemporaries by the fact that the leading writers of England, France, and Germany contribute to its pages—in each case the original English, French, and German are printed. Not the least interesting feature of this bold undertaking is the fact that each number contains a short story or "little novel" in English, French, or German; the first issue contains one by M. Paul Bourget.

In a graceful little address "To the Authors," prefixed to "Good Reading," mentioned at the beginning of this article, Mr. Unwin writes—

Will you accept from me a copy of "Good Reading"; and in doing so, its dedication to you? When at the beginning of last year I issued my first "Good Reading," I addressed a short note to the booksellers as the best friends of literature. In doing so, I believe you will recognise with me that authors and publishers are largely indebted to the booksellers, all the world-over, who exhibit and distribute our literary wares, and so aid most materially in the circulation of the good literature we provide. Let me now give you my best thanks for again helping me to compile this little brochure. As I have read the MS. and proof, I have been much interested at noting from what distant fields our literary food is obtained. In these few pages we turn from Suffolk to the South Seas, and Hampstead to the Himalayas; indeed, Algiers, Russia, British Guiana, Tyrol, Borneo, and India are as well represented as Great Britain. If writers and subjects come from far-away places, surely readers are to be found there as well? And so the grand volume of English literature rolls on and ever increases.

Mr. Unwin is a well-known *habitué* of the National Liberal Club, and was, with the late Professor Thorold Rogers, one of the founders of the Gladstone Library. He founded the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, and also, six years ago, the Johnson Club, the chief meetings of which are held (quarterly) at the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street. He is a member of the Alpine Club, and is married to a daughter of the late Richard Cobden, the great Free Trade orator. W. R.

MADAME DAUDET.

Madame Daudet has been publishing her impressions of London, and they make very good reading, for the great French novelist, his wife, and three children were received with more than kindness, not only by their literary brethren, but by that section of the smart world which prides itself on its intellectual attainments. Of George Meredith and his dainty cottage at Box Hill she gives a delightful account, as also of the *intérieur* Burne-Jones. A luncheon-party, given in her husband's honour by Mrs. Tennant and Mrs. H. M. Stanley, is also described, in a fashion that is interesting and in good taste, a combination not always found in those immediate reminiscences which seem to be nowadays so popular. Madame Daudet, nevertheless, ventures to criticise, but in a sympathetic fashion, certain of our insular peculiarities. She deplores the angularity of the average British female form divine, and asks why some special mode, or rather, modes, should not be created with a view to setting off the undoubted grace and charm, while concealing the equally undoubted defective points, peculiar to English beauty. Herself of a literary family, that of the Allards, Madame Daudet has written several very delightful volumes, differing, however, in every possible way from those which have made her husband famous. In these she dwells rather on the ideal and intangible side of life, and puts on record her impressions and sensations of passing events instead of facts. Both husband and wife are hard workers. Madame Daudet spent till lately a considerable portion of her time over the education of her children, of whom the youngest, Edmée, is the god-daughter of Daudet's greatest friend and master, Edmond de Goncourt. Of late years Madame Daudet has turned her attention to women's work. She was very delighted with what she saw of English women and girls, and seems to have remembered with particular pleasure an afternoon spent at the Writers' Club.



MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

Photo by Cameron, Mortimer Street, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

A FAMOUS DOMINIE.*

The year 1895 has been specially distinguished by anniversaries, and no man deserved a commemoration better than Richard Busby, the greatest of schoolmasters. There is the more reason for the commemoration of Busby's death, because, although his name stands out as that of the representative schoolmaster, it is chiefly as a hard and severe taskmaster that he is remembered, while his real greatness is often overlooked. The commemoration of Nov. 18, at Westminster Abbey and Westminster School, may pass out of recollection, but this Memoir will remain as a record of a man who exerted an immense and beneficial influence upon his age. It was a great thing in itself to have made such a name when so eminent a man as Camden was among his predecessors at the noble school which was refounded by Queen Elizabeth. Hearne says of Busby that "he was the best that ever was in that place, and great was the number of scholars bred up by him. As he was a most excellent scholar, so he was a very good man." Hearne's opinion is of value, because at times he was not disinclined to resent Busby's success during the Commonwealth, and in one place he goes so far as to call him "a complier and a time-server."

As Busby was a Royalist and kept up a Royalist atmosphere in the school, the question naturally arises, How did he manage to keep his place during the Commonwealth? but Mr. Barker does not help us to answer it. Busby reconciled Edward Wetenhall to the use of church music, and the latter wrote, in his dedication to the treatise "Of Gifts and Offices in the Public Worship of God"—

I rather prefix this recognition to the ensuing Discourse than to either of the other in its company, because, Sir, it was truly the sense I had of your piety which first operated towards reconciling me to church-musick. I came to you with prejudices (very unreasonable, such as commonly all prejudices are) against it. The first organ I ever saw or heard was in your house, which was in those dayes a more regular church than most we had publicly.

So strong was the feeling in some quarters against Busby's Church of England practices, that Dr. John Owen said publicly "that it would never be well with the nation till this school was suppressed, for that it naturally bred men up to an opposition to the Government."

Busby was deprived of his ecclesiastical preferments during the Commonwealth, but was continued as Headmaster of Westminster School. Evidently, Edward Bagshaw, the second master, thought he could oust his chief, but he did not succeed, and his own overthrow is a tribute both to the powers of Busby and the good sense of the authorities—at least, in this instance. The action of Bagshaw forms an important episode in the life of Busby, and Mr. Barker has fully considered it, and quoted from Bagshaw's impudent "Narrative," but there is not space here to notice the quarrel more fully. Suffice it to say that Bagshaw was afterwards imprisoned at different times in the Tower and in Newgate for his violent abuse of ecclesiastical authorities. Of course, around a man who bulked so large in the public eye as Busby, some untrustworthy stories are sure to have accumulated. He is said to have boasted that at one time sixteen out of the whole bench of bishops had been educated by him. Mr. Barker shows that this is incorrect, for, of the thirteen English and Irish bishops who are known to have received their education at Westminster under Busby, only six were consecrated in his lifetime. The great glory of Busby is to be found in the celebrated men that he educated. All these, diverse in character as they were, agreed in the praise of their schoolmaster's great qualities.

Busby boasted that his rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him; and Mr. Barker says that "he appears to have compelled industry in the first instance by force, and then to have worked by love." His was a complex character, and Crull says that "there was an agreeable mixture of severity and sweetness in his manners." Hence, the multitude did not understand him, and popular opinion rested on his own boast as containing evidence of his chief characteristic. Respecting his great qualities, he was modesty itself.

During the fifty-seven years that Busby governed the school he sent into the world a large number of distinguished men; in fact,

Dr. Adam Clarke declared that "to Dr. Busby's plans, science, and discipline, everything yielded; and no dunce or unlearned man was ever turned out of Westminster School during his incumbency." The same idea is expressed in a letter from Sir William Morice, Secretary of State at the Restoration, recommending his cousin, Humphrey Prideaux, to the Headmaster's "special care and protection."

I hope [he writes] Nature hath in good measure disposed him for learning, and that his country rudiments will be no prejudice to his progress therein; but my greatest confidence ariseth from your culture, which ordinarily improves the worst ground, but succeeds even to wonder when it meets with one qualified and pregnant.

It is no slight distinction for a master to have educated such men as Dryden, Locke, Wren, Hooke, South, Atterbury, and Philip Henry, and there were many more in the front rank. Of South, Busby wrote: "I see great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavour to bring them out." That remarkable man, Robert Hooke, the rival of Newton in scientific attainments, when a boy astonished even Busby, for in a week he made himself master of the first six books of Euclid, and during his school-life he is said to have invented thirty several ways of flying;

but these, like several of his other inventions, he does not appear to have perfected. Atterbury described Busby as "a man to be revered very highly," and speaks of leaving Westminster "loaded with his counsels, his warnings, and his gifts." A very different man, Philip Henry, expressed his deepest obligations to his master for his true religious teaching. Henry was a favourite scholar, and on one occasion, when he deceived the master, we learn from himself—

Mr. Busby turned his eye towards me and said, *Kai ou tēknon*, and whipped me, which was the only time I felt the weight of his hand, and I deserved it. He appointed me also a penitential copy of Latin verses, which I made and brought him, and then he gave me sixpence and received me again into his favour.

The most absurd misapprehension of Busby's character is to be found in Pepys's Diary, where his "devilish covetousness" is referred to, and this of a man whose charities varied annually in amount from a fifth to a tenth of his income, and who left the whole of his property for charitable uses. Busby was, in fact, one of the most pious and benevolent of men, and it is impossible to give an account of his many benefactions within any reasonable limits.

Mr. Barker's work contains a careful account of the facts of Busby's uneventful life, so far as they can be obtained, but he scarcely succeeds

in making his subject walk out of the canvas and live again before the reader's eye. He does not completely explain the cause of Busby's great success. There were great schoolmasters before Busby, and there have been such since his time; why then does Busby continue to occupy his unique position? Curiously enough, Steele, who was not a Westminster boy, comes the nearest to explaining the fact. He wrote in an article in the *Lover* (April 27, 1754)—

I must confess (and I have often reflected upon it) that I am of opinion Busby's genius for education had as great an effect upon the age he lived in as that of any ancient philosopher, without excepting one, had upon his contemporaries. . . . I have known great numbers of his scholars, and I am confident I could discover a stranger who had been such with a very little conversation: those of great parts who have passed through his instruction have such a peculiar readiness of fancy and delicacy of taste as is seldom found in men educated elsewhere though of equal talents. . . . The soil which he nurtured always grew fertile, but it is not in the planter to make flowers of weeds; but, whatever it was under Busby's eye, it was sure to get forward towards the use for which Nature designed it.

Mr. John Sargeant contributes a chapter of great interest on Busby's account-book, from which it appears that the Headmaster's net income was about £1000 or £1200 a year. The most astonishing revelation made by this account-book is that some parents seldom paid, and others never paid at all. Lord Nottingham, who sent three sons to the School in 1659, never paid Busby a penny.

Mr. Barker has illustrated his book handsomely, and the portrait here reproduced forms the frontispiece. It is taken from the original painting, attributed to John Riley, in the Hall of Christ Church, Oxford. The figure in the background is supposed to be intended for Philip Henry.



DR. BUSBY.

* "Memoir of Richard Busby, D.D. (1606-1695), with some Account of Westminster School in the Seventeenth Century." By G. F. Russell Barker. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

INDIANS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Among the Outlanders so much in evidence at this moment in the Transvaal, one must not forget the British-Indian subjects. They go from India to work on the sugar plantations in Natal, and, concluding



MENDING THE ROADS.

their contract there, they go to Johannesburg at the advice of their fellow-countrymen, and are apparently content to remain.

The authorities have been compelled, for sanitary and other reasons, to restrict their domicile to certain portions of the town, where they live in polygamy and under methods of economy peculiar to themselves. From their stores and residences they sally forth with bundles of dry-goods, tin-ware, fruit, or anything portable that can be sold from door to door. These nomads are clever traders. They undersell the shop-keeper with his heavy rent to pay, and, by taking their wares to the housewife's door, save her the trouble of going to the shops and bringing her purchases home with her.

After a time these British-Indian subjects go "between the chains"; that is, discard their pack and speculate in land and shares. Some months ago, one sold four hundred Robinson Mining shares, at about four pounds each. At the races they back horses at sums of from ten pounds upwards.

As I write, one of these traders is outside my study, crying, "Oranges or bananas, baas?"

I toss him a shilling, which he puts carefully away in his purse.



COOLIE FRUIT-SELLERS.

Then he places ten oranges in the Madeira chair I have indicated for their accommodation.

"Where do you come from?" I ask.

"Bombay, baas," he answers, grinning, and showing a set of white teeth of which a professional beauty might well be proud.

Before he has called at all the rooms in the hotel, which, I should explain, open on to the street, he has sold out, whereupon he rolls up his mat-basket and returns for a fresh supply, his picturesque

Eastern costume lending, as he goes along, an Oriental character to the town.

I don't know how they get on in Natal, but in Johannesburg they are chiefly found hawking goods and road-mending, and are as philosophical a set of fellows as you will see anywhere. At the Post Office they are to be seen among the surging crowd on mail-day sending



A GROUP OF FRUIT-SELLERS.

off remittances to India, fixing the stamps on their letters with an elaboration that is amusing; or perhaps sending off telegraphic messages, which cost something here. They are not eternally made to move on, like the London coster, but they squat down with their baskets, and trade where they like.

ROBERT GANTHONY.

A LOGICAL SHIRT-FRONT.

A tailor, who is, in his way, an artist, has been discussing the subject of "padding." He declares that the artificial improvement of the form will remain necessary until shirt-makers amend the error of their ways and the flat surface of their shirt-fronts. He says that logical shirt-front making is, despite Wagnerian theories, the real art work of the future. Here is his dictum on this mighty problem: "I work hard in showing off a man's figure to the best advantage, in allowing for the natural curve of the chest and ordinary shape of the shoulders. When I have done my work, I must pad and make sacrifices for a miserable shirt-maker who is so ignorant of human outline as to think that a flat



shirt-front is wearable over a sloping surface. I tell you, sir, that, for the man who can make a properly curved shirt-front, and supply the laundress who will not spoil it, a huge fortune is waiting. Many of my clients have excellent figures, broad shoulders, and developed chests, but, through no fault of mine or theirs, they must pad all the days of their life. Their only chance is that some great man may arise, and make shirts properly, and there is no indication on the horizon of fashion that such a man is coming."

CYCLING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

No one can walk down Commissioner Street, Johannesburg, without being impressed with the number of up-to-date bicycles flying about in all directions or resting outside the *winkels*, or stores, while their owners transact their business inside.

When the season of drought continues and fodder rises higher and higher in price, the horse-owner groans as he pays for his animal's keep,



A THREE-MILE RACE.

and probably envies the perky cyclist, whose iron steed has no stomach; but when the ankle-deep dust turns to mud, cataracts tear up the roadway, and fodder becomes cheap, the equestrian has certainly the best of it.

The Dutch Post Office is not the most go-ahead establishment in the world, yet it supplies its telegraph-boys with bicycles, a departure that might be copied by our rural, if not by our city, post-offices with advantage. The employment of bicycles by the Post Office was brought about by the boys themselves. Some of the more enterprising lads used their cycles in delivering messages, and made so much more money than those who walked that it became obvious to the Post Office authorities that they had only to increase the number of cycles to reduce the number of boys. So this was done, and the lads now all ride a red-painted bicycle, with a slab of tin in the fore part of the frame stating, in Dutch, that they belong to the telegraph office. It is extraordinary how expert the lads have become with the constant daily use of the machine their duties necessitate.

Every night and morning a string of business men and workmen pass my hotel on their way to Jeppes Town, Dornfontein, and the suburbs; the workmen just as they do between Winton and Bournemouth, with this difference, that while the Winton mechanics ride on all the old creaks that most cyclists have forgotten, their Johannesburg brothers have the newest bikes out—the result probably of one earning thirty shillings a-day and the other thirty shillings a-week.

The long-distance wheelmen can enjoy a broad road, and not have much annoyance from either vehicles or pedestrians if they ride across the Veldt and Karoo to Cape Town, or take a run to Durban; but the endless vista of prairie day after day gets tiresome, though it is generally possible to obtain food and shelter other than a chew of biltong and the shade of a Karoo bush.

The Veldt, of course, varies at different seasons. At the end of September, the time of which I write, it is covered with dry grass, dotted at intervals with beautiful flowers, that surprise you by growing in the parched ground that has not known a shower for six months—these September flowers are harbingers of the African spring.

You may ride for a mile or so across the Veldt on a road that is as smooth and hard as Cheapside, from which the grass has been completely worn by traffic, and then be forced to dismount and drag your machine through sand or over stones, where the heavy trek-waggons have broken the surface and turned it to dust, or some short-lived summer river has hurried away with road and left the rocky, gold-bearing reef that plays havoc with your pneumatic tyres.

In my experience, I found Veldt cycle-riding, though rough, practicable; but, of course, pace-making and road record-breaking as we know it on the smooth roads of England are out of the question.

Lord Annaly told me of a lion fastening itself on to a man's horse and maiming it. I suggested the advantage of hunting on a bicycle, but he seemed to think that the lion, not caring for cold steel, would probably fasten itself on the rounded back of the cyclist, and, as this is quite possible, I do not advocate cycles for lion-hunting.

There are no lady cyclists in Johannesburg—at least, I saw none during the two months that I was there, though there are some in Cape Town.

At the railway stations there are to be seen quantities of new English cycles in packing-cases waiting delivery. Cycle-stores and repairing-shops are springing into existence everywhere, and in the future there promises to be a large trade done between South Africa and England in high-class bicycles.

G.

CYCLING IN AUSTRALIA.

Australia is essentially a land of booms, which are not alone confined to realms of finance and commerce. In the world of sport, cricket, rowing, football, and horse-racing have been boomed in the past, and now it is the turn of cycling. Never in the history of the Colonies has the cycling fever been so epidemic as it is this season. The agents for all the best-known English makers in Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, and other big towns have been driven to despair to keep pace with the demand for machines. Society, probably actuated by the arrival of such ardent cyclists as Lord and Lady Brassey in Victoria, has gone in for the pastime whole-hearted, and men and women of the highest degree in Australia—Premiers, Ministers of State, judges, clergymen, vice-regal officials, military and naval officers, and Members of Parliament—may now be seen careering along the streets astride the pneumatic wheel. Women in particular have taken to the wheel with enthusiasm, and the horse seems in imminent danger of being supplanted by the bicycle as a means of feminine exercise. Cycling-schools for ladies are cropping up everywhere, and the rational dress is becoming quite a vogue, though Lady Brassey has certainly refused to give it her *imprimatur*.

Pronounced as is the bicycle boom from a recreative point of view, it is probably more marked in its racing aspect. Australia has given to the world a good many champion athletes—cricketers, rowers, boxers, &c.—but, as yet, it has not produced a cyclist of pre-eminent ability. Yet a product of Australia's cycling fever who is likely to make his mark among the crack wheelists of the world is a young Melbourne rider named J. W. Parsons, who holds the position of Champion Cyclist of Australia. Parsons is but nineteen years of age, and has been riding for only three years, and yet, in the first meeting in which Zimmerman competed at Adelaide, he succeeded in taking down the American's colours. There were two races—a half-mile and five miles. Zimmerman won the first, but in the second Parsons made the pace hot from the start, and succeeded in winning by two lengths, after a hard struggle, in which his celebrated opponent was completely beaten. Parsons holds both the five and ten miles grass records of the world—11 min. 57½ sec. and 26 min. 15 3-5 sec. respectively—as well as the Australian ten miles track-record of 23 min. 58 4-5 sec. Some idea of the excitement caused by the victory of Parsons over the world's champion may be gauged from the following clipping from an Adelaide paper—

The scene which followed is unparalleled in the history of sports gatherings. Hats, gingham, and sticks were thrown into the air by hundreds, people hugged each other in their excitement, and thousands thronged on to the green to repeatedly cheer the victor. Children were left to look after themselves as their parents rushed for a point of vantage to get a glimpse of Parsons, while the hero of the hour was escorted shoulder-high midst the excited throng to the dressing-room. Zimmerman and Courtney were upset, and, for the moment, forgotten,



AUSTRALIAN CHAMPION CYCLIST.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

while a number of racing-machines which were lying about were walked upon and mangled almost beyond recognition. What cared the crowd? An Australian had defeated one who in his time had vanquished all before him. Visions of Beach and Searle floated before them, and now, in Parsons, they had a representative who had placed Australia foremost in another branch of the athletic world. . . . Several prominent citizens were so pleased with the victory that they wrote out cheques for Parsons, Mr. T. Ware being responsible for fifty pounds, and the manager of the Austral Cycle Agency for twenty-five pounds.

R. C. B.

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

When Anonyma's letter came asking me to meet her at the Salle Erard in Great Marlborough Street and help in choosing a piano, I smiled. I, alas! am "married and done for," as the phrase goes, and Anonyma looks on me as a safe old fogey; so I kept the appointment with as little excitement as if it had been at the dentist's. We had tried many pianos,



MR. DANIEL MAYER.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

a large proportion of which I advised her to take, for they were charming instruments. Anonyma, however, is a true woman—for her the maxim *Le mieux c'est l'ennemi du bien* has no meaning, even when translated; before deciding on her cottage she meant to try every instrument—upright, horizontal, boudoir, grand, or semi—in the place. It was lucky that generations of tradition in the family limited her choice to an Erard. Suddenly, from the room next to that which we occupied came sounds of mighty music.

"Oh, it's lovely!" she said; "but, oh dear! it's a grand, and, till Irish rents go up—"

Fortunately, the courteous gentleman who accompanied, and had shown a patience that Job might envy, interrupted, "It's only a cottage."

"Bosh!" answered Anonyma, in her simple, plain way, and opened the door.

It was only a cottage, but there came from it sounds of extraordinary power and sweetness. The pianist paused. Anonyma walked to the instrument beside it and strummed the *intermezzo*—her tastes, alas! are Philistine. The tone was excellent; but, oh, the difference!

"It is a question of our new patent Resonator," said our conductor; "one piano has it, the other hasn't."

"Your new patent Resonator?" I answered.

"Look at the back," he replied. I found a curious arrangement of metal pipes. The strings were not tampered with—in fact, the whole thing was an attachment to the sounding-board. There was no doubt about the effect. I tried it, Anonyma tried it, the pianist tried it, our conductor tried it, and each of us immediately after touched an ordinary instrument. "Come and try a grand with and without." We did. The effect was remarkable; it made the cottage equal the grand, and the concert grand a thing of new power and beauty. When we were in the handsome concert-hall, Mr. Daniel Mayer came in, and, full of curiosity, and perhaps rather neglectful of Anonyma, I mentioned the name of *The Sketch*, and asked how the effect was produced.

"Come and look at the specification of the patent," answered Mr. Mayer, "that will explain."

When he handed it to me, I noticed that his name was in as inventor, and he explained that, some years ago, one of his workmen, named Robinson, had the idea, but could not carry it out practically, so Mr. Mayer took it up, and worked it out to its present remarkable result; consequently they are joint inventors in the first patent, while Mr. Mayer is sole inventor of the improved patent. From the specification, the simplicity of the contrivance is obvious, and the fact clear that it can affect neither action nor strings. Roughly, the invention consists of connecting with the sound-board of any kind of piano a plate of mild steel, which has a number of metal tongues, or gongs, connected by gut-strings with the sound-board, and vibrating in sympathy with it. In a horizontal piano the Resonator is underneath, and quite out of sight; and in a vertical it is at the back, and consequently not noticeable.

So far as my ear was concerned, the effect of the contrivance was astounding, for to me it not only increased enormously the quantity of sound, but, in addition, gave a delightful singing quality of tone and sustaining power. However, being of a distrustful turn of mind, I asked whether they could give me the evidence of any well-known pianists.

"Come along to my office," said Mr. Mayer. We went. "Do you know Paderewski's writing?" I did, for I have his autograph as signature to a clever original drawing of the great pianist by Birkenruth. "Read this." I read—"I am delighted with your patent Resonator, because I find that it makes the tone of the piano richer and fuller, and it adds greatly to its singing quality."

The opinion seemed good enough. "Do you know Muriel Elliot?"

"Yes, an exquisite pianist and charming girl." "That's her writing." "Yes, she seems enthusiastic."

"Here is Clotilde Kleeberg—I think the Resonator is such a marvellous improvement that every pianist must be so grateful to you for the invention." There's Frederick Dawson and Nikisch and Popper. We claim," he went on, "the invention of the 'double escapement action' in 1821, which is, with but little disguise, the foundation of all successful actions used since. So notable was the invention deemed, that Pierre Erard obtained an extension of the patent when it expired, the only case in which such a privilege has been granted in relation to pianofortes. Also we have in our history the 'harmonic bar,' produced in 1838 by Pierre Erard, while I should weary you if I described the minor inventions of the house."

"I believe it is a very old house?—I don't mean this superb building."

"Well, I can show you some substantial evidence of antiquity if you care to see it."

We followed him through the mazes of the huge place till we came to a curious little instrument with only five octaves, and it bore the date 1788, and the name "Erard Frères"; though wiry, the tone was sweet.

"Now look at this," said Mr. Mayer. It was a long, rosewood horizontal, with fine Empire mounts, and mother-o'-pearl for the white notes, tortoiseshell for the black. "Sebastian Erard made it for Napoleon I., as a present to Marie Louise, in 1810. Of the subsequent history of the instrument little is known, till the firm bought it at the Hôtel Drouot, which is—"

"The Christie Manson and Wood of Paris, as well as auction-mart for humblest matter. But there are five pedals?"

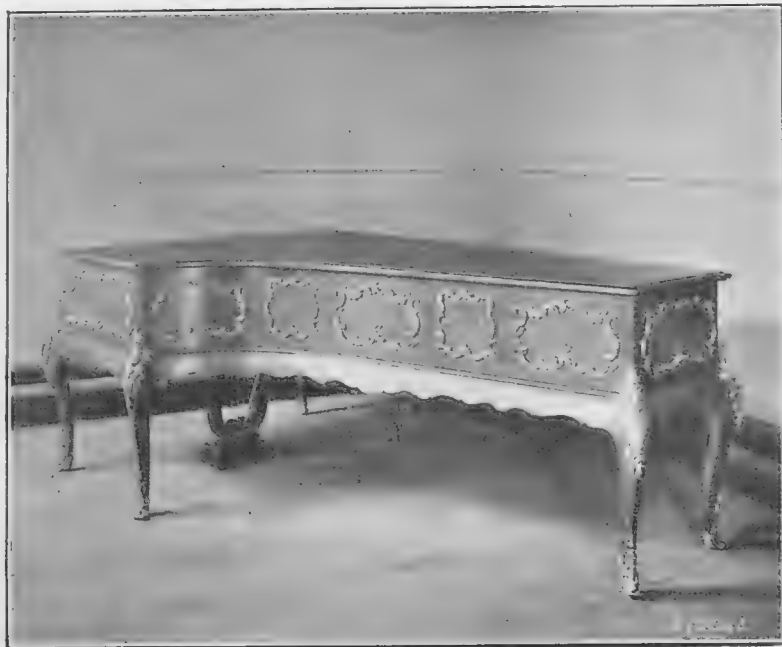
Anonyma sat down and played that *intermezzo*, putting her feet—which she is justly proud—on the pedals, one after the other. At the third was a comic noise—the bassoon effect intended sounded like an imitation of the banjo, done by putting paper under the strings. The fourth, a Sourdine, was pretty, and with it the tone of the piano was charming. "Try something noisy for the last," said Mr. Mayer. She banged out the opening bars of the overture to "La Navarraise"; and there was a prodigious to-do, for a drum sounded, and triangles clinked vigorously with the piano tones.

"By-the-bye," I said, "I suppose it can be fitted to any piano by any maker?"

"Oh, certainly. The cost? It costs a little more if added to an old piano than if built in with a new. Roughly, about ten to forty guineas, according to the instrument. There is a very large demand already."

Struck by the beauty of woodwork and metal-mounting, I examined a number of instruments, among them the first used by Rubinstein at a Philharmonic Concert, May 16, 1857; to-day, despite its age, it is an instrument that anyone would rejoice in, for so superb was the workmanship that the tone is splendid. Perhaps, what struck me most, more even than the lovely instrument made for Paderewski—a marvel of fine marquetry and superb mercury-gilt mounts, such as rarely is made save in Paris—was a converted piano of which I obtained a photograph. A man, fascinated by the workmanship of an old six-octave Erard, was anxious to have it converted into a usable, full-sized instrument, and brought it to Mr. Mayer, who sent it to the workshops of the firm, which are in Paris. One has but to look at the picture to see with what success a task of immense difficulty has been accomplished: the necessary new woodwork is indistinguishable from the old, and the mounts are beautiful. I could wish for columns in which to speak of other notable instruments, and should like to write within earshot of a piano made by Erard and fitted with the wonderful Resonator.

Anonyma has bought the cheapest of the uprights, so as to leave margin for the cost of this surprising new invention.



A PIANO CONVERTED BY ERARD.

Photo by Bedford Lemere and Co., Strand.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

The expedition to Kumasi is now approaching the most interesting stage of all. So far, Sir Francis Scott's forces have had a peaceful march from Cape Coast Castle to the Prah River, and, beyond it, through the Adansi



CAPTAIN DRUMMOND (SCOTS GUARDS).

Photo by Gregory, Strand.

country, to the frontiers of the Ashanti Kingdom. In 1873, King Kofi Kari-Kari's warriors swarmed the whole country, down to the coast even, and Sir Garnet Wolseley had many a brush with them before finally routing them at the great battle of Amoaful. It is now doubtful whether the present little army will have any such satisfaction after all their preparations and tiresome marches in the sweltering heat through the "Bush." However, all will be over, and the troops back again in Cape



SOUTH VIEW OF CAPE COAST CASTLE.

Coast Castle, most likely, before the rainy season sets in, during February or March. If peace is to be made, it is to be hoped it will prove more profitable and "perpetual" than the last.

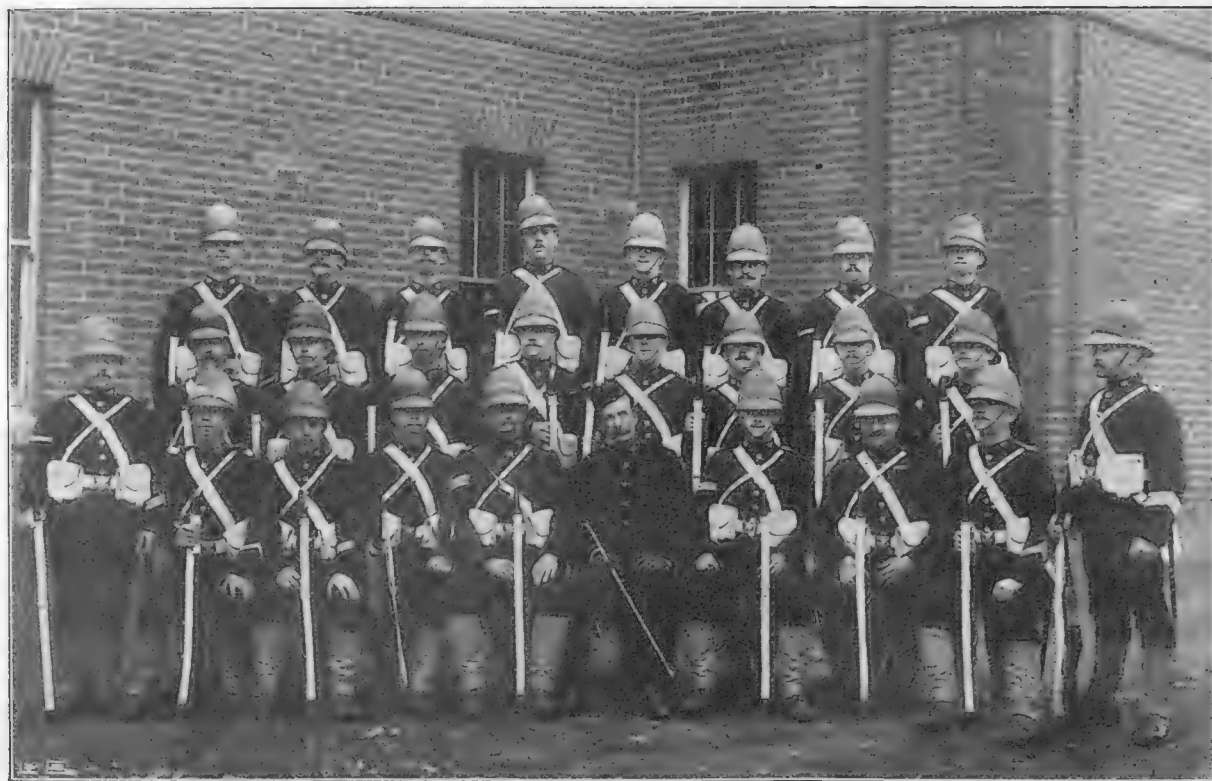
Cape Coast Castle, of which a view is given, is the seat of the Government of the Gold Coast. It is built upon several hills, and few



AKIM WOMEN.

would expect, from its position, exposed to the sea-breezes, and the enticing vegetation around, that it would be so unhealthy. As a starting-point for Kumasi or as a seat of Government, Mr. H. M. Stanley strongly condemned it in 1873, and indicated Elmina as much preferable for such purposes. It was taken by the English from the Dutch in 1655, and secured by treaty in 1667. The great Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, attacked it unsuccessfully with thirteen men-of-war two years before.

The Akims are a semi-independent tribe occupying a large tract of territory south of the Boosum Prah. Their women work, as do all the female population on the Gold Coast, and while so employed carry their babies slung ingeniously on their backs. The Akims gave a good deal of trouble in the war of 1873 to Captain Glover, and Captain Buller found it utterly impossible to rely upon them. They have, it appears, been more useful in the present expedition. Captain Laurence Drummond of the Scots Guards is a very experienced officer. He distinguished himself in the Bechuanaland expedition, and so qualified, no doubt, for his post as special service officer on the present occasion.



SECTION OF THE YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY UNDER MAJOR BARTER.

Photo by Cumming, Aldershot.

LEAVING THE THEATRE.

The theatrical and operatic season is in full swing. It may be estimated that in the thirty or forty principal theatres and music-halls every evening fully sixty thousand spectators, either owing to the draughty condition of the interior of the buildings, which sometimes even compels the ladies to keep their wraps on and the gentlemen their overcoats with collars turned up (this is merely a criticism on the architects, not on theatrical and music-hall managers), or on leaving the building, run the risk, in consequence of sudden changes in the temperature, of catching colds which may easily and rapidly develop into bronchitis, laryngitis, and other serious bronchial and lung affections. For these reasons every spectator should be very strongly recommended to procure a case of Géraudel's Pastilles, which may be easily carried in the waistcoat or overcoat pocket, and to keep a Pastille in the mouth on leaving the place of amusement. It is absolutely the best preservative against the outdoor humidity and cold air. It could be wished that managers of theatres, etc., desirous of the health and comfort of their patrons, would authorise these famous Pastilles to be supplied by the box-keepers or other employés. By this means the public would be safely insured against such dangers. We shall be glad to make known the name of the manager who is the first to avail himself of this useful hint.

Géraudel's Pastilles act by inhalation and absorption directly upon the respiratory organs for coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, catarrh, asthma, laryngitis, etc. Much preferable to pills,

Drawn by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.



Anxious Husband: "How I regret having forgotten to bring my case of Géraudel's Pastilles, my dear! What with the cold at this late hour, and the want of a Pastille, really you might be seriously ill. Next time I'll be wiser, and bring my Géraudel's."

potions, and syrups, etc., which only irritate the stomach without reaching the seat of the disease. Their effect is instantaneous. Géraudel's Pastilles are most agreeable to the taste, and contain the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, which has attained greater success in bronchial and catarrhal affections than any other substance or drug hitherto employed. They are entirely harmless, and can be used by old and young without danger. They can be used at all hours, before or after meals, without the slightest inconvenience. Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of Pine Tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Price per case, 1s. 1½d., with directions for use. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or will be sent post free, on receipt of price, from the wholesale dépôt for Great Britain, Fassett and Johnson, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.

For further particulars our readers, on mentioning this paper, are authorised to apply to the above-named firm for a handsome booklet, treating generally of the disorders of the respiratory organs. This publication contains also about thirty pages of drawings by our leading artists, among whom may be named Phil May, M. Greiffenhagen, Dudley Hardy, L. Raven-Hill, A. S. Hartrick, A. C. Corbould, J. W. T. Manuel, Fred Pegram, O. Eckhardt, E. Sullivan, T. H. Townsend, Carl Eden, Aubrey Beardsley, Chéret, Willette, etc., etc. The book in question, which is sold by newagents at one shilling, will, exceptionally, be sent gratis and post free to those of our readers who apply for it by letter to Messrs. Fassett and Johnson.

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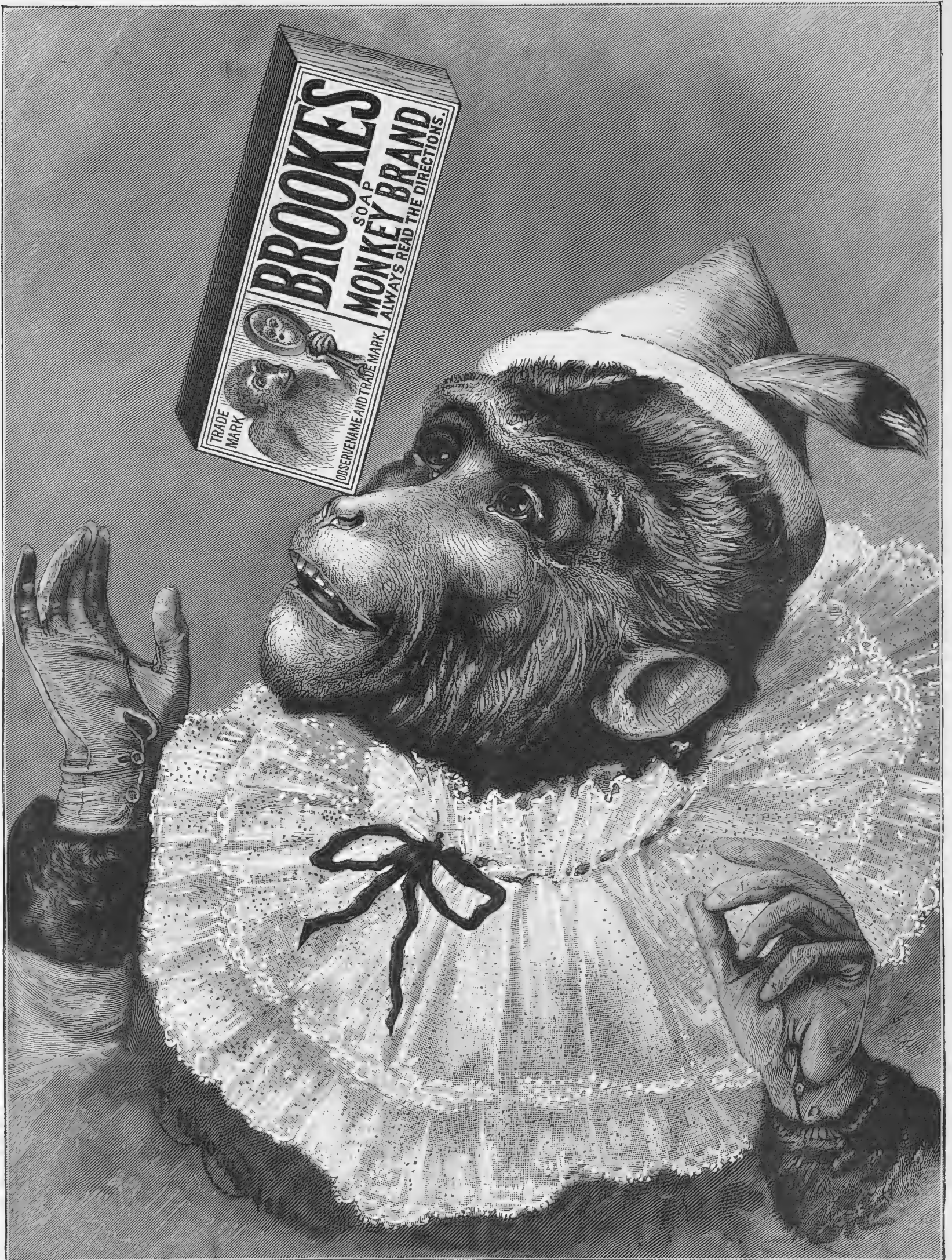
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The sensational defeat of Wales by England has proved more than a seven days' wonder. It is being still discussed in various quarters, and sundry excuses and explanations are being furnished to show how it was that a team which, presumably, was only the stronger forward, should have managed to score 25 points to nothing!

To me the whole thing is simple enough. A beaten set of forwards means a beaten team. I was one of those who did not expect the English eight to show such tremendous superiority, and my idea was that, given packs even equal in strength, the back division of the Welshmen would overrun the others. The magnitude of the score in no way controverts my contention. In the first place, Wales played only fourteen men, Badger's accident necessitating the bringing back of Boucher from the forwards; and in the second, nobody should ever take much notice of big scores, for it cannot conscientiously be believed that England are twenty-five points better than the fifteen which represented Wales.

It is difficult even now to declare who will be champions of the Football Leagues. The issue is, if anything, more problematical, except that the number of clubs in each division who may be said to possess a chance has been narrowed down to three. These are Everton, Derby County, and Aston Villa, in the First League; and Liverpool, Burton Wanderers, and Manchester City in the Second Division.

The careers of Everton and Liverpool have been strangely alike. Both started the season modestly; both have now warmed to their work, and are good enough for anything. It remains to be seen whether either can make up sufficiently for early disasters to permit of their ascension to pride of place. So far as Everton are concerned, I consider the prospect rather gloomy. The club has a tremendously trying programme yet to get through, the majority of their remaining matches being away from home, whereas Derby County and Aston Villa have each ten matches, split up equally at home and away.

I still fancy that Derby County will finish up on top. Not only have they battled these past few years against great difficulties, but they have actually been the most consistent Association football club in the country this season. It must not be forgotten, also, that Derby started the year under depressing circumstances, seeing that they had to defeat Notts County in a test match before being permitted to retain their place in the First Division of the Football League.

In the Second Division the issue will probably hang in the balance till the very last lap, so to speak. Looking at the matches yet to be played, there is hardly a pin to choose between the three favourites, though I still incline to the idea that the Burton Wanderers will come out on top. Should this be so, we should have a team at the head of either division who would not have been dreamed of at the outset as possessing the remotest chance. Such is the uncertainty of football! Liverpool, since they secured Henry Storer from Woolwich Arsenal, have been carrying everything before them, and, if their nearest rivals are kind enough to make a slip or two, it is pretty certain that the 'Pudlians' will once more gain premier honours, as they did in 1893, the first year of the Second Division of the Football League.

Cæsar Llewellyn Jenkins is captain of the Woolwich Arsenal F.C., and one of the best half-backs in the country. He left Small Heath in unpleasant circumstances, having been suspended for foul play, and then transferred.

There are many people who do not believe in the frequent accusations against this professional. He occupies an onerous position, and he is a very heavy man. Here are the concomitants to suspicion. If a man runs up against Jenkins and falls, therefore Jenkins must have committed a foul. Speaking for myself, I must confess I have never seen Jenkins guilty of unfair practices. On the other hand, he has almost invariably played a great game for his side, and few will forget the way he "shadowed" G. O. Smith in the international between England and Wales at the Queen's Club last season. Jenkins is, of course, a Welshman.

The issue of the Rugby County Championship is still in doubt; and after Surrey's grand win over the Midland Counties at Moseley last Wednesday, no one will look upon the honours as certain to go to Yorkshire again.

All the same, the South owes a debt of gratitude to the Surrey fifteen and to many of the good players for turning out. It only increases our regret that Middlesex should have set about the task with such a palpable lack of enthusiasm. Surrey's victory over the Midland Counties was by no less than eighteen points to nothing.

Here is the Rugby team of F Squadron of the Cape Mounted Rifles, which won the Regimental Rugby Cup. The Association eleven should have done the same, but they had played three matches



CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM.

Photo by Private Parsons.

previous that day, as the men from the different squadrons could not get leave to remain longer, duty being rather heavy at the time in Pondoland.

CYCLING.

I am informed that the Hospital Saturday Fund Sports have now been definitely fixed for June 13, at the Wood Green track. The officers for 1896 were recently elected at a Council-meeting.

The big annual road-race from Bordeaux to Paris has been arranged for May 23. There are already fourteen entries, including Arthur Linton, George Hunt, and all the French cracks.

There is evidently a little money to be made out of cycling. "The League of Wheelmen" in Australia made a net profit of £1600, out of which it gave £100 to Zimmerman, and £25 each to Martin and Porta in consideration of their plucky riding.

It is to be hoped there is not going to be an exodus of British postmen. Under the circumstances, such a contingency is within the bounds of possibility. They might, for instance, go to Japan, where the letter-deliverers are all provided with bicycles. It should be a pleasant sight to see the Japanese postman pursuing his round accompanied by the wife and the twins.

CRICKET.

Under existing conditions, a great deal more interest centres in the visit of Lord Hawke's team to South Africa than would otherwise have been the case. So far, the programme has not been materially interfered with. After suffering a couple of unexpected defeats at the hands of the Western Province, his Lordship was determined to make no mistake in the third match of the tour.

Accordingly, a tremendously strong team was put out against a thirteen of Cape Colony, and, after a very one-sided match, the Englishmen secured their first victory by no less than an innings and 124 runs. Had it not been for Frank Hearne, the Colonials would have gone down with even more crushing severity. The onetime Kent cricketer is meeting with astonishing success against his old compatriots. Out of an innings of 118 he made 26, and out of 162 he was responsible for 94. It is a great pity Hearne could not secure his century. He is a beautiful batsman, and has doubtless done a great deal to improve the game at the Cape.

It was left to Mr. C. B. Fry to register the first "century" of the tour. The Sussex amateur was scarcely expected to be the first to attain the distinction. He is a nice batsman, generally steady, sometimes brilliant—pace the Gentlemen and Players' matches at Lord's and the Oval last season. Fry here went in third wicket down, and was not disposed of till he had run up 148 runs. It must have been a very fine performance even against Cape bowling, and is, I believe, the highest innings Fry has yet played. Few of us gave him credit for so much patience. Like most young players, Fry was generally content to see his three figures go up, and then slog out recklessly.

On the whole, it cannot be said that the batting of Lord Hawke's team was altogether satisfactory. Hewett, the demon scorer, the black beast of all bowlers, good and bad—especially good—was dismissed for a duck; Vernon Hill, his old county fellow, subscribed a modest 3; Lord Hawke was caught out for 5; and Mr. H. R. Bromley-Davenport and Tyler shared a similar fate for 7 and 8 respectively. This is not exactly the form one would look for from such first-class players. It is rather remarkable that the full score should have totalled up to 404 runs.



CÆSAR LLEWELLYN JENKINS.

Photo by Cobb and Keir, Woolwich.

Next to Fry came Woods, with 89, hit up, doubtless, with the usual impetuosity that characterises that energetic athlete. Nobody is ever surprised at anything Woods does. He is a surprise himself. There is no batsman more capable of pulling a match out of the fire than the Somerset captain. Everything Woods sets himself to do he carries out with a vigour which acts as a positive tonic to the enthusiastic spectator. Woods bowls as no other man bowls. He bats as a good many other men would like to bat. His presence in the field is worth a number of runs to a side. It used to be thought that the Old Cantab was wearing himself out by the exertion he went through in bowling. That long run, that final stamping of the foot over the crease, and the terrifying velocity with which he propels the ball, all tended to suggest prospective crockdom. Later on, it was his batting which was feared for. Mr. Woods is, of course, of the slogging brigade. Every hit he makes is a swinging hit.

Everybody must be pleased to note Hayward's success, too. The steady young Surreyite was third top-scorer, with 73, while George Lohmann, who went in first with Hewett, managed to subscribe 37. When Hayward first decided to go out, I predicted that he would head the list of the batting averages. It was a somewhat risky suggestion, because, in the first place, Hayward had had no experience of tours, and, in the second, he was making a first appearance on cocoanut-matting wickets. So far, Hayward has done as well as, if not better than, any other member of the team. But for a rather dangerous tendency to misjudge leg-breaks, I do not know of any English cricketer possessing a safer style. Hayward excels in the "drive." The appearance given is of a gentle push, but the ball is invariably seen spinning to the boundary. He places with great judgment, and rarely lifts the ball from the ground. It is to be trusted that this trip will do him no harm, for he has a great future in this country.

Not many people will be surprised to hear of the return of Mr. J. J. Ferris to Australia, and, I am given to understand, his severance from English cricket. When Ferris first came over to this country to help Turner to rouse English people to admiration, it was generally thought that there were few cleverer trundlers than he. He is, I believe, to play in Sydney this season, and it would be a good joke to see him come back to his old form and be included in the team to visit England next summer.

GOLF.

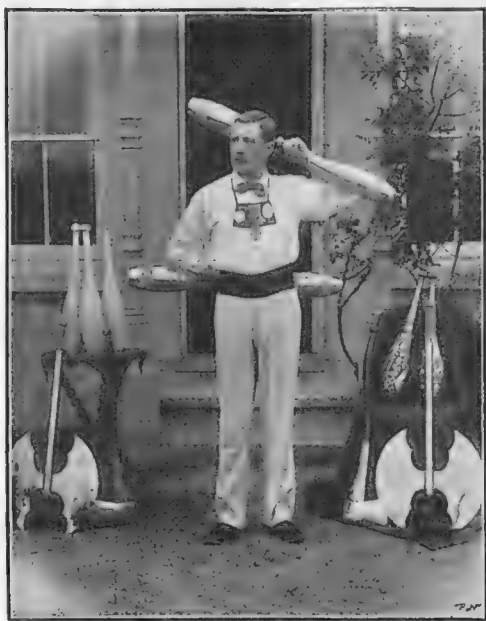
Golf stories calculated to stretch the imagination still continue to circulate. Here is the latest. Two Yorkshire golfers made a wager to play the old year out and the new year in. After playing three rounds of the course during the day, they adjourned to the club-house, there to await the rising of the moon, which on this night was at its full. Starting out at 10.30, with fore-caddies, armed with umbrellas for protection against the tee-shots, the first hole was halved in eight strokes, the third taken in four, and the fifth in six. At this stage, the moon being partly obscured, one of the balls was being searched for. The caddie sententiously observed, "We shan't foind t' ball this year, sir." Just at that moment the midnight chimes of the neighbouring church-bells proclaimed the dawn of the New Year. Although the scores were somewhat high, the course was completed in a little under three hours, and thus a record was established in the annals of the royal and ancient game. But what I want to know is, why Yorkshire? What has Yorkshire done to deserve this?

Mr. N. C. Bailey, the Old Westminster, and holder of the greatest number of International caps ever awarded to one player under the Association code of rules, is strong on golf. He recently won the Tooting Bee Club's monthly medal. He was round in 91 gross, and, having a handicap of 12, handed in a net of 79. Mr. Bailey made his name as a football half-back. He was a superb player.

CLUB-SWINGING.

Club-swinging is not an easy art, but Tom Burrows has long since proved himself a master of it. Last March he scored a record of twenty-four

consecutive hours' club-swinging at Aldershot, and in the end of December he beat that record at Cairo by swinging for twenty-six hours fifteen minutes. The conditions of the undertaking were as follows: (1) No rest or stop allowed during twenty-five hours; (2) To swing no less than fifty complete circles each minute; (3) Clubs to weigh two pounds each and to be twenty-four inches in length; (4) No artificial aid allowed to hold the clubs in the hands; (5) To swing not less than 70,000 complete circles in the record; (6) To be not less than two judges at one time to watch the swinging.—OLYMPIAN.



TOM BURROWS.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. J. D. Weldon is well known on the racecourses throughout England and Wales. He has a lot of work to do, and he does it well. Mr. Weldon first began his official duties with the late Mr. T. Ridge, who was Clerk of the Course and Secretary of the Leicester Meeting, and Clerk of the Course at Four Oaks. Mr. Weldon is manager of the staff, rings, &c., at Plumpton (which post he has held at least eleven years), and the same at Salisbury. He is also secretary of the Racecourse Association, which consists of the whole of the principal racecourses of England and Scotland, banded together for their mutual protection against any attacks of the Anti-Gambling League. He is secretary of the Turf Protection Association (miscalled in the Press the "Bookmakers' Association"); also Clerk of the Course at Cardiff, where, I believe, they give £1000 to the Welsh Grand National on Easter Monday next. Mr. Weldon is well known as assistant to Messrs. Ford, Smith, and Sheldon junior, at their various meetings, Hurst Park, Leicester, Hamilton Park, Harpenden, Warwick, &c. The duties attaching to a racecourse are many and varied, and the work has to be done by men of infallible resource. Mr. Weldon is a hard worker, and as correct as the clock at Greenwich. He is, too, a good sportsman, taking an interest in all sports and pastimes patronised by Englishmen.



MR. J. D. WELDON.
Photo by Emberson, Strand.

The entries for the Spring Handicaps, taken all round, are satisfactory, and it is evident we are in for another busy season on the flat. Indeed, from the end of March to the end of November there is hardly a vacant working-day, thanks to the demands made on the Jockey Club by the many enclosed meetings. It is sad to think that old-fashioned open meetings, such as Bath and Salisbury, can barely exist; while the racing clubs in and around the Metropolis are paying big dividends. It must, however, be added, that club meetings give valuable prizes.

An event in the racing world has been the keeping up of "Hotspur's" silver wedding. Mr. C. Greenwood has for many years past been very popular on the racecourse, and his knowledge of racehorses and racing-men is extensive. He is highly popular; not by any means a cantankerous critic, yet very outspoken, and somewhat severe when a glaring grievance requires to be remedied. Far from being Pharisaical, Mr. Greenwood is approachable, and, indeed, affable to the younger men of the Press-box. He is facile at describing a race, and as a winner-finder he is a bad 'un to beat.

Regret for the Derby and Omladum for the Oaks reads like a doubtful double event; yet I should not be at all surprised were both events to go to Kingsclere, as John Porter is very dangerous in the classic races, and it is his turn to win again. I was surprised when Regret was started for the Houghton Stakes at the October Meeting, as I think the colt, as a "dark 'un," might have been backed for any amount for the Derby, as happened in the case of Common. Of course, the book points very plainly to St. Frusquin, but I lean to the chance of Regret for the Derby.

Already many amateur cross-country jockeys are begging for mounts in the Grand National, and it is evident that more gentlemen than professionals will ride in the race for the Cross-Country Blue Riband. The Hon. R. Ward will, of course, sport silk in the race; and others early to be seen in the saddle are Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Gordon, Mr. C. Thompson, Mr. H. M. Ripley, Mr. Widger, Mr. C. Grenfell, Mr. D. G. M. Campbell, Mr. G. S. Davies, Captain Ricardo, Mr. G. B. Milne, Mr. J. Fergusson, Captain Bewicke, and one or two Irish amateurs. This leaves very little chance for the professionals.

Sir John Willoughby, of Transvaal notoriety, lost a lot of money on the English Turf, and I believe he was a heavy loser when his own horse Harvester ran a dead-heat for the Derby with St. Gatten; and I heard at the time that Sir John had backed Queen Adelaide, who finished third. It may be remembered that on the morning of the race Harvester was reported lame and a non-starter, while, after the race, a fruitless objection was laid against St. Gatten.

Many of the flat-racing jockeys are eagerly awaiting the opening of the Lincoln Meeting. They hunt, shoot, course, dance, skate, and play billiards, but, like public men, they miss the stare of the crowd. A jockey is never so happy as when he is riding in a race. All eyes are upon him, and he fancies himself *pro tem*. It is, of course, different after his mount has crawled in with the crowd. The majority of the leading jockeys smile sweetly when they have ridden a winner. But John Watts is an exception; he never deigns to frivolity, but looks all the time as solemn as a High Church curate.

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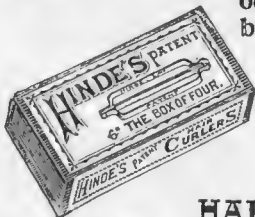
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FANCY DRESSES AT NIAGARA.

I always find that, at this time of the year, people are glad of suggestions for fancy-dress costumes, and so I betook myself to the Ice Carnival at Niagara last Wednesday, to borrow some ideas from the revellers there.



MRS. LANGTRY'S PRIZE COSTUME.

Under the circumstances, this is quite the best course to pursue, for you get the ideas free, gratis, and for nothing, and you know—having seen their visible embodiment—that they are practicable.

As regards the first-prize dress, you may consider it somewhat too elaborate for the flattery of imitation; but, as its wearer was Mrs. Langtry, you will certainly want to be introduced.

It has a very striking personality, for it owed its creation to no less famous a personage than Worth, of Paris, and, being made in Princess fashion, set off Mrs. Langtry's beautiful figure to the very best advantage. The material of the dress proper was one of the new brocades, the pale satin ground almost entirely covered with a raised design in velvet, the colours including two shades of golden-brown and a lovely turquoise-blue, while it opened in front over a vest and petticoat of white satin, covered with an appliqué of yellowish lace, and girdled at the waist by a sash of blue chiffon, the loosely knotted ends falling far down the left side. The dress was entirely edged with a band of dark fur, which, on the bodice portion, was strapped across with little gold ornaments, while gold epaulettes fell over the shoulders, and were continued at the back into a rounded collar, from which fell golden tassels. As to the sleeves, they terminated at the elbow with a band of fur, from which fell a long drapery—an angel sleeve, in fact—of golden gauze, which floated outwards as Mrs. Langtry skated.

But the crowning touch of originality was given by the blue velvet fur-bordered toque, with two tiny black ostrich-tips, and an enormous white aigrette rising from a huge emerald in the centre, while the place of strings was taken by three festoons of exquisite pearls, which came from the sides of the toque, and fell on to the white neck, which was not hidden by any envious collar. Mrs. Langtry's hair was dressed low in her neck, as usual, and you can imagine that she looked lovely.

Absolutely different in style, and yet equally effective, was Miss Ethel Wright's "Incroyable Pierrette" dress, which certainly owed some of its success to the fact that it was designed by the clever young artist herself. If you should decide to follow her good example when the next opportunity for donning fancy-attire occurs, you can say to all inquiring and envious feminine friends that your dress was specially designed by a well-known artist, a statement which will be true to the letter.

And now please realise, with the help of our sketch, that the coat was of rose-pink satin, the swallow-tailed back having, instead of the buttons which are associated with their shape, two jaunty little clusters of ostrich feathers—pale pink, blue, and white—which were as effective as they were original. In front it fastened across the long white satin vest with some flashing paste-buttons arranged in a distinctly uncommon way, and boasted also of a voluminous neck-ruffle of pink chiffon, beneath which came a cape-like collar of white satin bordered with a soft frill of chiffon, the plain, tight-fitting elbow-sleeves being finished off in the same way.

So much for the bodice portion; and then came a skirt of white satin, spangled with silver sequins, a pair of eye-glasses depending from a white satin strap and bow at the right side, while a little jewelled watch hung at the other side from a pink satin bow. The three-cornered pink satin hat was bedecked with pink, white, and blue satin bows, from which dangled little golden bells, and was surmounted by a high cluster of ostrich feathers, which reproduced the same colours. Miss Wright had covered her piquantly pretty face with a mask, and wore long black gloves; and, though we could have gladly dispensed with the former, the latter were a decidedly effective feature in a most successful costume.

There was one prize dress which was simple enough, in all conscience, to enable you to copy it in a very short time, and for a very small outlay,



MISS ETHEL WRIGHT'S "INCROYABLE PIERRETTE" COSTUME.

provided always that you have a plain satin dress—a "Princess," preferably, to begin with. Then you only have to divest it of every scrap of trimming, and cover it with lines of little pink Banksia roses, which follow every seam, from its source to its end; where there are no seams, imagine them, for the main object seems to be to cover as much of the satin with roses as possible. The sleeves in this particular case reached from

the shoulder to wrist, and were treated in the same way—though, in my humble opinion, puffed elbow-sleeves would be preferable—their fulness held in with straps of roses, while a fringe of the same pretty flowers marked their termination. Or, of course, violets on a white or yellow ground would be even more charming.

There was, too, as I well remember, a Pierrette dress, which appealed to me by a smart simplicity which rendered it eminently "copyable." Made of white satin, the skirt, which just disclosed the ankles, was bordered with swansdown, and the same pretty trimming edged the short, full basques and outlined the bodice, which boasted, moreover, of six paste buttons, a neck-ruffle of chiffon, and revers of goodly size, bordered with swansdown. The hat was placed so far on the back of the head that it formed a frame for the face, and a very becoming one withal.

A white satin domino, adorned with trails and bunches of dark-hued violets, was quite the prettiest of all the many pretty ones worn, and a lady, who evidently had a regard for the fitness of things, appeared as "The Polar Star," her white satin dress frosted and stiffened in the most wonderful way, while great (glass) icicles hung from every available point. The front of the skirt was adorned with a hand-painted view of a corner of the Arctic Regions, while a diminutive white bear had found a resting-place on the shoulder, and the head-dress—rather an inconvenient one, surely—which surmounted the powdered hair was a faithful copy in miniature of a fully rigged ship. Altogether, an excellent idea, carried out to perfection.

But I have yet to see the realisation of a dream of a "Hollyhock" dress, where, with a skirt of creamy-white satin, there is a bodice of pink mirror satin, arranged in fine pleats, which open out towards the top. Over the shoulders there should simply go narrow straps of green satin ribbon, matching the waistband, and a species of sleeve might be formed of a shower of velvet and satin petals in cream, green, and pink. For trimming, I would advise three flower-like rosettes of ivory-white satin, which might occupy the left side of the skirt, while, at the right, a great stem of full-blossomed hollyhock blossoms should rise up straight and tall, till it tapered off into close little buds just above the corsage, and a hollyhock-laden wand might also be carried with excellent effect.

Viewed from the standpoint of a certain preventative for those deadly enemies to the feminine race in general—a pinched, blue face, illuminated by a red-tipped nose—the catalogue of that Knitted Corset and Clothing Company, which has its abiding-place at 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham, must take rank among the most interesting literature of the day, and I do indeed commend to your notice the details of all those cosy, warm things which have made the firm famous, and which will endear themselves to you for many reasons, not the least of which is their moderate price. Therefore, I would say to you, send for a catalogue, and duly read, mark, and learn it.

There is another most important factor in the keeping-warm scheme, and that is the "Ardent" stove-table (Sepulchre's patent).

It has so many advantages that it took me some considerable time to find them out; but I managed it at last, for I had the assistance of a friend who is its most devoted champion. She belongs to the noble army of women-workers, and on a day memorable for its biting cold I was introduced informally to her beloved "Ardent." I noted then, casually, that it took the form of a large lamp, fitted into a stand, while above it rose an entirely ornamental-looking (metal) table, which, however, eventually proved its usefulness by holding a kettle of cold water, which came to the boiling-point in a surprisingly short time. I was fascinated, too, by the home-like, ruddy glow of the light through the crimson globe, with its gold-wire casing, and the heat was decidedly comforting, and there for a time the matter ended, for we were deep in talk of chiffons and the rival merits of two new plays.

The next week I paid another visit to my friend's work-room, and discovered another phase of the "Ardent's" character.

I saw it being lighted without the slightest displacement of the glass, or the least trouble of any kind—merely a twist of the top, and the insertion of a taper in the aperture thereby disclosed. The whole thing was over in a second, and then it lifted up its voice and protested against being turned up too high. This is a most valuable quality, the lamp, as a matter of fact, making a curious bubbling noise (produced by the intense draught) if it is turned up too high, and doing it, too, at once, so that, once quiet, you can leave it all day, if necessary, and be certain that it will not flare up. There is no blowing out, either—turn the wick down, and it extinguishes itself.

After this I succumbed to the inevitable, and, on my way home, called in at the Stores and became there and then the proud possessor of an "Ardent" stove-lamp of my own.

And now my friend and I try to outdo each other in our tales of what our own particular stove-lamp will do.

Well, I may tell you that it *will* make toast, and, air clothes, when a specially provided wire top is added; you can keep your feet warm on the foot-rest while you are reading or writing; and you can do all that I have told you, and more besides, for a moderate outlay to begin with, and, afterwards, the nominal cost of the oil. There is no smell—of that I can positively assure you—and the heat thrown out is simply wonderful, while you can carry your comfort, in the shape of your stove-table, to any room—library, bath-room, or nursery; and in this last connection, it is, as mothers will understand without any attempted explanation from me, of incalculable value.

As to the prices, they commence at thirty shillings, and you can see the different varieties at all the stores and every high-class ironmonger's, &c., Mr. L. Sepulchre's offices and show-rooms being at

Dunedin House, 2, Basinghall Avenue, where, by the way, you can send a post-card for a catalogue. At one place or the other, however, see to it that you make the acquaintance of this most desirable article, which will prove its usefulness in a hundred-and-one ways, both in the winter and the summer. And I am open to affirm that, when it has been in your possession a week, you will be just as enthusiastic as I am, and be every whit as anxious to "show off" your latest treasure.

While I am discussing household matters, I may tell you that I have discovered the cause which finds its effect in some of those almost too wonderful reductions at Messrs. Walpole's linen sale at 89, New Bond Street, and 102, Kensington High Street. In addition to their own goods, they are offering a portion of the stock of Messrs. Fenton, Connor, and Co., of Belfast (in liquidation), and giving you all the benefit of the enormous reductions in prices. That is why you can get hemmed linen sheets at 9s. 9d. a pair, towels at two shillings the half-dozen, and dusters at 1s. 3d. a dozen, and so on.

Now, a last word to my correspondent "Laura B.," and to all others who may want the same information, for her requirement is, I am sure, a very general one. I do know, fortunately, of just the milliner for whom she is in search—smart and up-to-date as regards her style, and pleasingly moderate as to her prices. Her name is Madame Emilie, and her address 29, Lower Clapton Road, N.E., so I leave you all to find your way there.

FLORENCE.

RE-APPEARANCE OF "THE ALBUM."

With the middle of the month there has arrived the first number of the new monthly issue of the *Album*. The January number is certainly a very strong one, and can boast a topical interest which it is not often given to monthly publications to command, for its elaborately illustrated account of Mr. Cecil Rhodes' residence near Cape Town could scarcely have made a more opportune appearance. Five special supplement plates



LADY DOVER AT THE GAMING-TABLE.

From an article on Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's Art in "The Album" for January.

are given with the number, one a charming mezzotint, "Tally-Ho," the other four being coloured portraits of Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Winifred Emery, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Mary Moore, most tastefully reproduced. A study of Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen's work forms the first of a series of articles on "Leading Artists of the Illustrated Press." Mr. Greiffenhagen's copious versatility is well represented. I reproduce here one of the smaller of his drawings. An interview with Sir Benjamin Richardson on "Athletics for Women" is of special interest during the cycling craze, and another article treats of the inevitable "Triumph of Trilby" from a refreshingly unhackneyed point of view, being an up-to-date survey of the stage adventures of Mr. Du Maurier's heroine in drama (English and American), burlesque, and music-hall sketch. The original actors and their parodists are neatly contrasted in the illustrations. The letterpress also includes several complete stories. The *Album* is admirably printed, and forms, altogether, a most excellent and satisfactory shillingworth.

Telegram from Russia.

*Send to anitchhoff Palace St
Petersburg immediately one dozen
Mariani Wine for H I M
Empress of Russia*

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Bottles, 4s.; dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or carriage paid from Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford Street, London.

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Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous Headache, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness and Dizziness.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.
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MACKENZIE'S Cure Depot, READING.

Refuse worthless imitations.

"A Grand Cigar."

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Toilet "Lanoline".....6d. & 1/.
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Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better
for the complexion.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.



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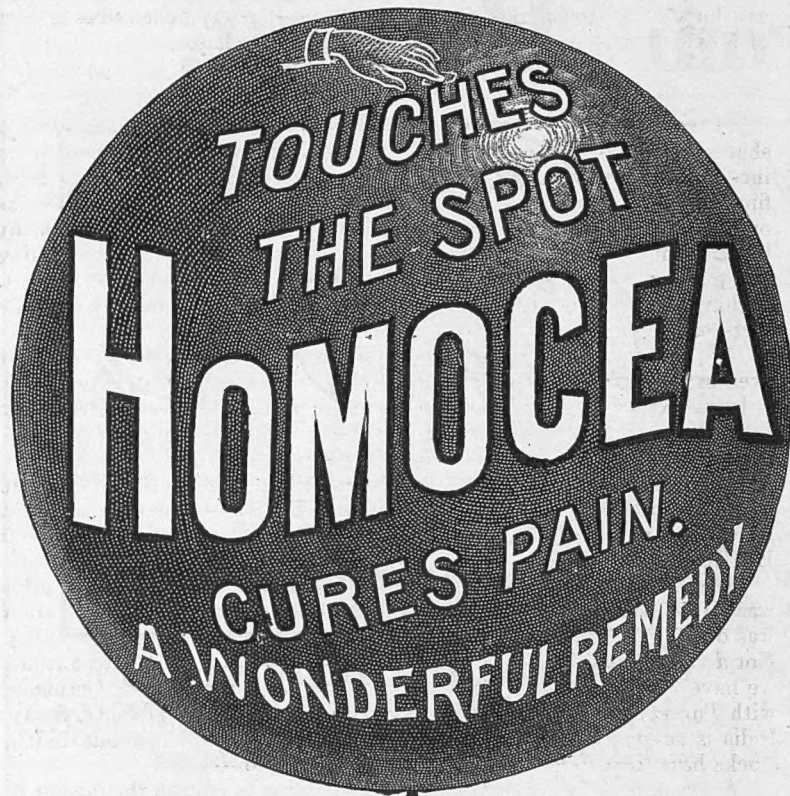
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IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS, AND DELICIOUS TO THE TASTE.

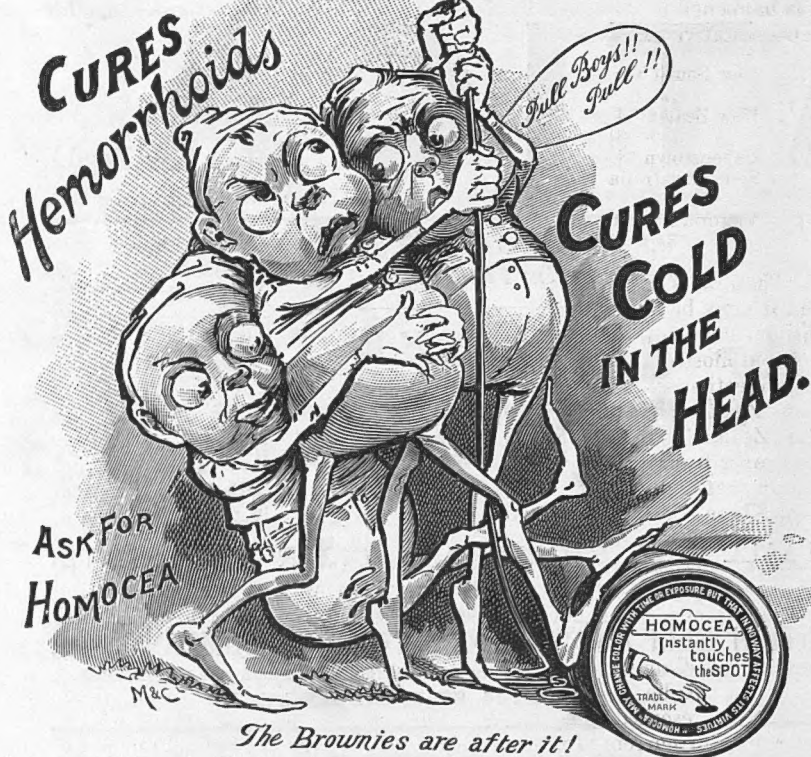
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The Homocoea Co., Ltd., 22, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead.

The only awarded at the Paris
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VELOUTINE
 Special,
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Toilet powder — **CH. FAY, Inventor**
 9, Rue de la Paix, PARIS. — BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, Judgement of 8th May 1875.

A WORD TO

THE wise is sometimes sufficient, but not always. Some people think that rheumatism is incurable; others think they must dose themselves with a lot of medicine, turning the entire system upside down and doing themselves no end of harm, trying to cure rheumatism, they forget that there is an infallible remedy in St. JACOBS OIL, which never fails! There are still others whose power of imagination is so strong that they actually believe the wearing of a plaster the

entire length of the spinal column will cure rheumatism, and only wake up to the delusion when they come to take the thing off with the usual square inches of skin which tenaciously adheres to the plaster—all of this torture may be avoided by using **St. Jacobs Oil**, which never fails! It kills pain instantly. Acts like magic! Costs **1/1½** and **2/6**. Sold everywhere.

**ST.
 JACOBS
 OIL**

**CONQUERS
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Nervousness

The Symptoms of Nervousness are great Irritability and Restlessness, Incapacity for Society, Study, or Business, Trembling, Languor, Exhaustion on the least exertion, a pale, tremulous Tongue, Specks floating before the Eyes, Appetite and Relish for Food there is none. Headaches (which may develop into Neuralgia), Flatulence, Constipation, Cold, Clammy Skin, and great Mental and Bodily Prostration. To these we must add great Anxiety, Indecision, Groundless Fear, and Despondency.

Guy's Tonic



This sterling Remedy acts as a pure Nervine Tonic, conferring power and vitality upon every part of the body, and especially adapted to Disorders affecting the Nervous System. Guy's Tonic, by its wonderful Stomachic and Digestive qualities, speedily creates an Appetite, ensures good Digestion and Assimilation, and consequently produces Pure, Rich, and Healthy Blood. By this natural method Nervousness is unfailingly removed.

A PROOF.

Mr. A. B. FERNE, of 47, Wynford Road, Caledonian Road, London, N., writes on Oct. 14, 1895: "I suffer from Nervousness, and am taking Guy's Tonic, from which I find great benefit. I was recommended to try Guy's Tonic by a friend who was completely cured from this complaint by your wonderful remedy. You may publish this testimonial if you care to."

Guy's Tonic is sold by Chemists and Stores, and the usual Medicine Vendors throughout the World. It is prepared under the supervision of a qualified Pharmacist, and is Widely Recommended by Medical Men.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 27.

A CRISIS "MADE IN GERMANY."

On the top of all the other troubles that have come to afflict the just since the beginning of October, the City has had to suffer, since we last wrote, the severest shock of all—what was virtually a threat of war against Great Britain on the part of the German Emperor. This hot-headed young man, immediately on the news of Dr. Jameson's defeat and capture at Krügersdorp, hastened to congratulate the Transvaal President on his successful vindication of the Republic's "independence," and particularly on the fact that he had achieved this result without calling in the aid of "friendly Powers." Seeing that the Transvaal is under British suzerainty, and that to call in any "friendly Power" except the Orange Free State would have been a direct infringement of the London Convention of 1884, this was a deliberate affront to Great Britain; and when it transpired that German marines had been in wait at Delagoa Bay to dash across Portuguese territory if the Uitlanders rose, and throw their weight on the side of the Boers, this was more than mortal Government could stand, and it is not surprising that the response of the British Cabinet was the mobilisation of a flying squadron and war preparations on a large scale.

Such a serious development as this was an event for which the most bilious of "bears" could hardly have hoped; and accordingly, the effect on markets was very severe. The crash in the Kaffir Market, the reopening of the Eastern Question in an aggravated form by the Armenian massacres, were bad. Then came the financial crisis in the States, which, from the City point of view, was worse still. But to find on the top of all this the imminent danger of a European war thrust upon us by the Transvaal crisis was a shock for which the public was certainly not prepared, although the Government was not taken by surprise.

Under the stupefying influence of the first staggering blow—the discovery that hostilities between two races so nearly akin as the Germans and ourselves might be brought in by so slight a cause as Jameson's raid to Johannesburg, which was in defiance of all official orders—the public sold stocks freely; but it has been astonishing to observe how rapidly the popular mind has recovered from the scare. Investors and speculators appear to have had their fill of panics during the past three months, and are becoming so inured to agony that fresh sufferings are viewed with equanimity. The most graphic example of the strong undertone of the markets is to be seen in the strength of Consols, which the most alarming of rumours have had the greatest difficulty in depressing below 106. The lesson of the way in which markets have received this latest sensational adverse development is that the reign of the "bears" is approaching its close, if, indeed, the era of the bulls has not already set in.

Looking round the Stock Exchange, one cannot but come to the conclusion that only the restoration of confidence is required to cause buoyancy in almost every quarter. Money is a mere drug, and, according to every present indication, will remain so for months to come, unless war breaks out, and in that probability we do not believe. Both the United States and Germany have attempted to bluff us, the one in regard to Venezuela, the other in respect of the Transvaal. Both were so utterly in the wrong, and they have been met in so determined a manner, that they can hardly fail to seize the first opportunity of receding from their untenable positions; and although the assembled Powers do not appear to have done any good in the Bosphorus, yet the Armenian question is settling itself by the conclusive process of leaving no more Armenians to exterminate. The political horizon may, accordingly, clear very soon, leaving conditions ripe for an advance, as all the Stock Markets must have been purged of weak elements by the collapse that the final quarter of 1895 has witnessed.

Look how ready the South African Market shows itself now, when the slightest excuse comes, for a rebound from the depths of depression. In that department, the "bull" account built up during the year of buoyancy has been weeded out so thoroughly that there is now less market risk in a purchase of Kaffirs than of any other class of share. Until the fate of Jameson and the Uitlander leaders is decided, and it is seen whether the mining interests in the Transvaal are to receive any concessions from President Krüger, no sudden return of buoyancy can be looked for; but if "Oom Paul" play his cards according to his reputation as a diplomatist, he will start another boom in Kaffirs almost assuredly, for the market is ripe for a rise. February or March was the time fixed in the minds of certain capitalists as the date of the next boom, and this they said some months ago, when the break in the market began. It now turns out that they had a good deal to do with the abortive revolution among the Uitlanders, and, when they fixed a date, they were speaking by the book, knowing when the matter would be arranged, one way or the other.

Again, West Australians have been suffering simply because Kaffirs were flat. In that market there had been no over-speculation, and, now that prices have been brought back so far, while the mines have been given a few more months to develop, they would seem very attractive on the return of public confidence. To think that the Mining Market is played out seems to us an absurdity. With quiet restored, we are quite prepared to see in 1896 the best prices of 1895 exceeded on the better class of Mining shares.

ARGENTINE AND SOUTH AMERICAN STOCKS.

We have, over and over again, in the days when Argentina was said to spell "bankruptcy," advised the purchase of the best Railway debentures, and several of the Government loans, at prices far under the

present quotations, and now the news reaches us that Congress has sanctioned the Railway Guarantee Bill. Without expecting a "boom," we can say honestly that we see, in many stocks of the Argentine Republic and of Uruguay, room for a still further improvement, and we have little doubt that, as the political situation clears up, purchasers will find a steady rise in capital value, to say nothing of the fact that investments on the River Plate are well out of the possible war zone. In Mexico, also, all the official returns point to improved trade and increased prosperity, and buyers of stocks like Mexican Southern Railway debentures or City of Mexico bonds are not likely to regret their purchases.

STOCKS SINCE THE SLUMP.

It was just before the middle of October that the collapse in Mining shares began, and, since then, the markets all round have been in an incessant state of turmoil. Almost every week has brought its fresh financial or political scare, and the casual reader of the newspapers—the one who measures what is happening not by the facts themselves, but by the amount of talk about them—must have got the idea that everything had gone to pieces on the Stock Exchange. But, as a matter of fact, nothing so very serious has occurred when you come to look into the facts and figures.

We are not now referring to the slump in Mines, though the effect even of that sensational drop in prices has been much exaggerated. To a large extent, it meant nothing more than that certain people made fortunes on paper and lost the greater part of them—again on paper—before they had time to realise that they were rich.

Other classes of securities have not suffered in anything like the same proportion; in most cases, they have not fallen more than might have been expected to result from a substantial rise in the Bank of England rate of discount, due to quite normal and healthy causes.

Take Consols as a case in point. At the end of September the price was 107½. At the end of last week, when the acute stage of the crisis was over, and confidence was just beginning to return, it was 106½. Not a very serious fall, this, when one considers that, in the meantime, we have been threatened with war with the United States, with Germany, with Turkey, with the Transvaal, and, in fact, with almost everybody. India is supposed to be one of our most vulnerable points, but Indian stocks have kept their prices almost as well as Consols.

A comparison of the prices of Colonial stocks is not, on the face of it, quite so encouraging, but there must be taken into account the extravagant prices to which the glut of money had put many, if not most, of them. Canada 3½ per cent. Inscribed Stock at 110 (the price at the end of September) gave a return of only £2 13s. 9d. to a purchaser, allowing for redemption. The fall to 102 after a war scare about the United States does not seem a great matter, and the Three per Cents, in which the date of redemption is much more remote, have not suffered more than a point or so.

Had any real danger been felt to exist, the loans of the Australasian colonies would have surely been among the first to feel it. And what has happened in their case? Here are some instructive comparisons for representative stocks—

	Sept. 28, 1895.	Jan. 10, 1896.	Fall.
New South Wales 4 per Cent. ...	118	115	3
3½ per Cent. ...	106	103	3
New Zealand 4 per Cent. ...	113½	107	6½
3½ per Cent. ...	107	102	5
Queenstown 3½ per Cent. ...	106	102	4
South Australia 4 per Cent. ...	113	108	5
3½ per Cent. ...	108½	105	3½
Victoria 4 per Cent., 1885... ..	110½	107	3½
3½ per Cent. ...	104½	100½	4

These falls are certainly serious, but they are not panic movements, and it must be remembered that a dividend has been deducted from all the stocks during the four months reviewed. New Zealand stocks have suffered most; but to account for that we have the remarkable procedure in connection with the acquisition by the Government of the Bank of New Zealand, and the subsequent absorption of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand. South African Government issues have hardly had time to recover from the fuss caused by Dr. Jameson's unsuccessful raid, and it is in that department that we find the most notable falls on balance. Cape Three and a-Half per Cents have fallen nearly 10 points on balance, and Natal's have also had a nasty blow. But the demand for them has been starting again, and is only retarded by the Naval preparations, which are, *prima facie*, warlike. For those of our readers who like Colonial bonds, we should say what has happened is a godsend, and they had better buy if they want a reasonable prospect of a rise, especially in Cape of Good Hope and Natal stocks.

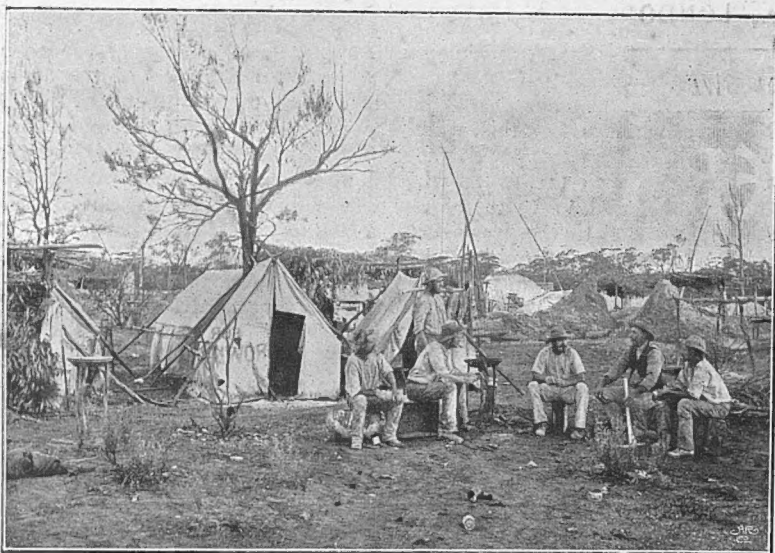
What can be more eloquent than that a net fall of 3 in Egyptian Unified represented the market value of the political crisis which, according to current gossip, was going to make us fight France for the possession of Egypt. Inter-Bourse securities, which are particularly susceptible to any real danger of war, have kept their prices marvellously. Even Spanish Fours, Portuguese and Italians, have not reacted to any alarming extent, or, indeed, to such an extent as would have given cause for alarm had the fall been an ordinary market movement. No doubt, in a measure, the fall which did take place was due to the fear of political trouble; but in the International Market, as in others, the fall stopped short when normal prices were reached. Russian Fours at a premium are not a tempting purchase to the ordinary investor, who has to face all the risks of the European Concert getting out of tune; and if the big financiers who act as godfathers to Russian loans had really believed in the possibility of war, the security would not stand within measurable distance of par.

CHEAP MONEY AND ITS EFFECT.

The fact of the matter appears to be that too cheap money had made men mad. Prices of all fair securities bearing fixed rates of interest had been run up to absurd figures, and it wanted very little to knock them down again. Consequently, when the South African boom collapsed, everybody was on the *qui vive* to see what would happen next. The various things that did happen were bad enough, but they did not seriously impair confidence. They only interfered with inflation. The most remarkable fact about the whole business is that, "after the fall is over, after the scare is past," one would have to search carefully the official and unofficial lists to find a stock which has been left standing at anything like a panic-price—always excluding South African Mining and kindred ventures, including the British South Africa Company, whose Charter timid people suppose to be in jeopardy through the unauthorised action of certain of its officials. Even in American Rails, the movements are actuated, not any longer by scares, but by the developments of the financial crisis which ensued from one of these scares, now well-nigh forgotten.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

All through the Transvaal crisis West Australians have kept remarkably firm, and, indeed, in the case of our favourite stocks have in some cases shown actual improvement. Very soon we shall reach the period of crushings, which are beginning to come in already. The White Feather Reward, a property we have often said a good word for, has begun to yield results, and 489 tons for 1037 ounces,



WHITE FEATHER.

with two thousand tons of the same class of ore at grass, and two years' supply said to be in sight, is a very reasonable beginning. The capital is only £60,000, which is distinctly moderate, and at present prices there is room for a big rise.

Burbank's second return of 98 tons 368 ounces, with the hired five-head battery of the Londonderry Company, speaks volumes for the correctness of the information which enabled us to say that the 500 tons now going through would give three ounces and over to the ton. Professor Nicholas has gone away to Victoria for his Christmas holiday, and while in the Eastern Colony, will inspect the ten-head battery which has been made for the company, and is expected to be at work by next April on the mine.

The statutory meeting of Menzies Golden Age was held on Tuesday last, and, like a prudent man, Mr. Sinclair Macleay, the chairman, did not go in for promising more than he felt pretty sure his mine could perform. Indeed, he was afraid to say half the extraordinary things which reach outsiders from the scene of operations. It is far better to perform more than you promise than *vice versa*. With the Hon. Hume Black as local director, and Mr. Ballard, a well-known Queensland miner, as manager, the shareholders' interests on the other side will be well looked after, and, confining himself to bare facts, the chairman was able to tell the shareholders that 7-ounce ore was being raised, and he might have added, although he did not think it prudent to do so, that there was any reasonable quantity of the same kind of stuff ready to be taken out. The property is close to the Lady Shenton, whose shares we have so often recommended, and in whose mine water has been obtained at 130 feet, while we know the railway is to be pushed up to Menzies during this year, and that the Prime Minister has promised to have the diamond-drill at work, and to bore at least 3000 feet, if necessary, for artesian water. On the whole, we may say that we can hardly call to mind a West Australian property which, at the present price of its shares, offers such a tempting prospect of improved value as Menzies Golden Age.

Mr. Gray, the manager of Hannan's Proprietary, will in a few days reach this country, and, at the adjourned meeting of the company, on Jan. 28, he should give some very interesting details of that portion of the Coolgardie field. Meanwhile, all West Australian miners are looking forward to the Brown Hill crushing, which should begin this month. All the best-informed jobbers are buying shares in anticipation.

A NEW BOOK.

Mr. Hess, of the *African Critic*, has just issued a little book, called "Open Letters to Celebrities," which comes in very appropriately at this moment, when everybody wants to know what sort of men are managing the complicated problems presented by the South African position. The book is very readable, and presents the Uitlanders' views of such men as Krüger, Rhodes, Sir Jacobus de Wet, and Sir Hercules Robinson with much spirit. It will amuse those who remember Mr. Lionel Phillips's late speech to notice him accused of not being "Jingo" enough, especially now that he is locked-up in Pretoria jail, while some of the letters are marred by a spiteful spirit unworthy of Mr. Hess's pen. The book should be read by those who desire to understand the character and peculiarities of the men by whom the future of South Africa is at this moment being fashioned.

THE HOTEL MÉTROPOLE, SCARBOROUGH, LIMITED.—This concern is again "touting" for subscriptions by means of a prospectus so badly printed that it would be a disgrace to even a Coolgardie newspaper. We most sincerely urge our readers not to subscribe a shilling to the precious venture, unless, indeed, they want to lose their cash. It would be far better, in our opinion, to present a reasonable amount to some deserving charity, whereby you would lay up for yourself treasures in the next world, than subscribe to this sort of thing, and get no advantage either here or hereafter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

GLASGOW.—Thank you for your second letter with the stamps. (1) The Robinson Diamond Mine is not shut down, and is, we think, a fair speculation. The company hoped to begin washing early this year, but you must not expect a dividend for some months. We gave a description of the works, with illustrations, about two months ago. (2 to 6) We have no belief in any of these, which are nearly all swindles.

F. R.—Thank you for your letter and enclosures. We have answered your questions and posted our letter on Jan. 8 last.

MUMBLES.—You hold a most excellent list of industrial concerns. Add Ely Brothers and Bovril if you want more of the same sort. We could hardly improve on your selections, but San Jorge Nitrate is risky, of course.

F. W. H.—We should not call one of the shares named by you a *safe* investment. They are industrials of the second class. No. 1 depends on patents which are attacked on all sides, while, for the rest, purchase and sale is very much a matter of negotiation. If you want high interest, and are prepared to run risks, hold; otherwise, clear out.

GERMAN.—It is all your Emperor's fault. We really cannot advise you as to getting another place. Go back to the Fatherland.

R. T.—We also hold Barnato Consols, to our sorrow. There is no danger of calling up further capital, as we are told by people who ought to know that the liability under the laws of the S.A.R. is strictly limited. We are not experts in any law, but our informants profess to be.

CORN.—The American position is decidedly dangerous, but, if you will run risks, there is more room for a gamble than anywhere else. We don't advise it. Try Louisville, Denver Pref., and Milwaukee, but if we were buying for ourselves we should purchase Pennsylvania shares. Home Railway traffics are good. Try Caledonian Deferred, South-Western Deferred, London and North-Western, and North-Eastern Consols. We should say Great Easterns if they were not such a common market tip. Of course, we disregard war and war scares, as your letter says. We only answer through the post in accordance with Rule 5.

ROADSTER.—The market for Bicycle Companies' shares (except Humber) is very local. If you know, as you say, the company is doing well, by all means buy.

SCOT.—We think sound West Australians bought now would give a good profit, but there are lots of swindles about. See our "Notes" this week, as any of the concerns named in them are good enough. Also Mount Margaret, Hannan's Reward, and Menzies Gold Estates.

O. A. B.—(1) Fair speculation. (2) It reads well, but is pushed by one of the worst bucket-shop "touts" in London. (3) A pure swindle. Apply for the return of your money at once, and, unless you get it, consult a solicitor, who will probably frighten them into paying you so small a sum.

MIDLANDER.—Thank you for your letter. We answered it on Jan. 9 last. Add Imperial Continental Gas stock to the list we gave.

A. P. W.—We recommend City of Antwerp and City of Brussels 2½ bonds, with a fair prospect of drawing a prize. We are not experts in lottery-bonds; but if you will comply with Rule 5, we will put you into communication with a respectable firm who are, and who will quote you close market-prices for all kinds of these bonds, and advise you as to the best to buy, either for investment or speculation.

F. G. E.—We should hold. The bonds are gilt-edged, and, if the American cloud clears off, they will improve. We need not say that war with the States would render them unsaleable; but everything points the other way.

A. K. D.—We hold the bonds you name ourselves. The worst that is likely to happen would be a suspension of interest while the town was occupied by the Yankees; but however the war ended, we do not think there is any risk of repudiation. If you could get out at current prices, we should say sell; but the best bid we could get for our bonds was 105, which we refused.

PERUVIAN.—We should not sell at the present moment. It is possible you may have to take a reduction of interest for a year or so, but, at the price you bought, the return will be high. The assets are worth more than 50 per cent. of the debenture debt.

INVEST.—(1) We believe this to be a swindle, pushed off by "touts." Get out. (2) The shares are high, but the company is doing a magnificent trade, and we think you may buy with a reasonable prospect of a further rise. (3) Quite safe for ten times the money you name.

WINDSOR.—Hold the first-named concern. We expect a great improvement in West Australians as soon as the war scares pass away, but get out when you can without a ruinous loss. We know very little about the second company, and the market appears to know less.

J. M.—We posted reply to your letter on Jan. 10, and hope it has reached you.

BOND.—The price fluctuates considerably. See answer to "A. P. W." Write to the firm you name, and ask what they can sell for, and, if you find the loss considerable, we will see what we can get for you. The firm in question always pays, but charges 25 per cent. above market-price for their goods.

The first or Statutory General Meeting of Olympia, Limited (registered Oct. 1, 1895), is fixed to be held at Olympia to-day.